THE

School

OF THE

HEART:

OR,

The *Heart* of it self gone away from

GOD

Brought back again to him, and Instructed by him.

In 47. EMBLEMS.

By the *Author* of the SYNAGOGUE annexed to *HERBERTS POEMS.*

Whereunto is Added,

The Learning of the Heart,

By the same Hand.

The Third Edition.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
SCOLA CORDIS

1550

By Christopher Harvey
author of the Synagogue

Jane Roberts gr.
gift of St. Thomas

COLA CORDIS

BRITISH MUSEUM

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The *School* of the Heart.

The INTRODUCTION.

TUrn in, my mind, wander not abroad,
Here's work enough at home, lay by that load
Of scattered thoughts, that clogs and cumbers
Resume thy long neglected liberty (thee:
Of self-examination: bend thine eye
Inward, consider where thy heart doth lye,
How 'tis affected, how 'tis busi'd: look
What thou hast Writ thy self in thine own Book,
Thy Conscience: here set thou thy Self to School!
Self-knowledge 'tis ext a Wise-man and a Fool
Doth make the difference: he that neglects
this Learning, sideth with his own defects.
Dost thou draw back? Hath custome charm'd thee so,
That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe;
Find'st thou such sweetness in those sugar'd lyes?
Have Forain objects so ingrost thine eyes?
Canst thou not hold them off? Hast thou an eare
To listen, but to what thou should'st not hear?
Art thou incapable of every thing,
But what thy senses to thy fancy bring?
Remember that thy birth and constitution
Both promise better then such base confusion.
Thy birth's divine, from Heaven; thy composure
Is spirit, and Immortal? thine Inclosure

In

In walls of flesh, not to make the debtor
For house-roome to them, but to make them better
Thy Body's thy Freehold, live then as the Lord,
No Tenant to thy own: some time afford
To view what state 'tis in: survey each part,
And above all, take notice of thine heart.
Such as that is, the rest is, or will be,
Better or worse, blame-worthy, or fault-free.
What? are the ruines such thou art affraid,
Or else asham'd, to see how 'tis decai'd?
Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such,
As now it is, because it is so much,
Degenerated now from what it was,
And should have been? Thine ignorance, alas,
Will make it nothing better, and the longer
Evills are suffered grow, they grow the stronger
Or hath thine understanding lost its light?
Hath the dark night of error dimm'd thy sight
So that thou canst not, though thou would'st, observe
All things amisse within thee, how they swerve
From the straight rules of Righteousness, and Reason?
If so, omit not then this precious season.
Tis yet school time, as yet the door's not shut.
Hark how the Master calls. Come let us put
Up our requests to him, whose will alone
Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none
Returns unlearned, that hath once a will
To be his Scholar, and implore his skill.
Great searcher of the Heart, whose boundless sight
Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light
The hidden things of darkness, who alone
Perfectly know'st all things that can be known.
Thou know'st I do not, cannot, have no mind
To know mine heart: I am not only blind,
But lame, and listless: thou alone canst make

Mee

Mee able, willing: and the pains I take,
As well as the ſucceſſe, muſt come from thee,
Who workeſt both to will and do in me:
Having made mee now willing to be taught,
Make me as willing to learn what I ought.
Or, if thou wilt allow thy Scholar leave
To chooſe his Leſſon, leſt I ſhould deceive
My ſelf again, as I have done too often,
Teach me to know my heart. Thou, thou, canſt ſoften,
Lighten, enliven, purifie, reſtore,
And make more fruitful, then it was before,
Its hardneſs, darkneſs, death, uncleanneſs, loſs,
And barrenneſs: refine it from the droſs,
And draw out all the dregs, heal ev'ry ſore,
Teach it to know it ſelf, and love the more.
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt impart this skill:
And for other learning take't who will.

4 DE60

Embleme 1.

CONTAGIO CORDIS.

Cur implevit Satanas cor tuū. *Act: 5. 3.*

Corde bibis stigium morbi mortisq; venenum,
Hic te Dum blandis decipit illecebris.

1 *W. M. sculpsit.*

The Infection of the Heart.

Acts 5. 3.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart?

Epigr. 1.

WHilſt thou enclin'ſt thy Voyce-enveigled ear,
The ſubtill Serpents Syren-Songs to hear,
Thy heart drinks deadly poyſon drawn from Hell,
And with a Vip'rous brood of ſin doth ſwell.

ODE. I.

The Soul. 1.

Profit, and pleaſure, comfort, and content,
Wiſedom, and honour, and when theſe are ſpent
A freſh ſupply of more! Oh heav'nly words!
Are theſe the dainty fruits, that this fair Tree affords?

The Serpent. 2.

Yes theſe, and many more, if more may be,
All, that the world contains, in this one Tree
Contracted is. Take but a taſt, and try,
Thou maiſt believe thy ſelf, experience can not lye.

The Soul. 3.

But thou maiſt lye: and with a falſe pretence
Of friendſhip rob me of that excellence,
Which my Creators bounty hath beſtow'd,
And freely given me, to whom he nothiug ow'd.

The Serpent. 4.

Strange compoſition! ſo credulous:
And at the ſame time ſo ſuſpicious!
This is the tree of knowledge, and until (or ill?
Thou eat thereof, how canſt thou know what's good.

The Soul. 5.

God infinitely good my maker is,
Who neither will, nor can do ought amiſs.
The being I receiv'd, was that he ſent,
And therefore I am ſure muſt needs be excellent:

The Serpent. 6.

Suppoſe it be: yet doubtleſs he that gave
Thee ſuch a being muſt himſelf needs have
A better far, more excellent by much: (ſuch.
Or elſe be ſure that he could not have made thee

The Soul. 7.

Such as he made me I am well content
Still to continue: for, if he had meant
I ſhould enjoy a better ſtate, he would
As eaſily not have giv'n it, if he would.

The Serpent. 8.

And it is not all one, if he have given
Thee means to get it? muſt he ſtill be driven
To new wroks of creation for thy ſake?
Wilt thou not what he ſets before thee dain to take?

The Soul. 9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees
I freely take and eat: they are the fees
Allow'd me for the dreſſing, by the Maker:
But of this fatall fruit I muſt not be partaker.

The Serpent. 10.

And why? what danger can it be to eat
That which is good, being ordain'd for meat?

What

What wilt thou say? God made it not for food?
Or dur'st thou think that made by him, it is not good?

The Soul. 11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for Meat:
But I am not allow'd thereof to eat.
My makers prohibition under pain
Of death, the day I eat thereof, makes me refrain.

The Serpent. 12.

Faint-hearted fondling, canst thou fear to dye,
Being a Spirit and immortal? Fie.
God knows this fruit once eaten will refine
Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

The Soul. 13.

There's something in it sure: were it not good,
It had not in the mid'st of th'garden stood:
And being good, I can no more refrain
From wishing, then I can the fire to burn, restrain.

14.

Why do I trifle then? what I desire
Why do I not? Nothing can quench the fire
Of longing, but fruition. Come what will,
Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

The Serpent. 15.

So, thou art taken now: that resolution
Gives an eternal date to thy confusion.
The knowledge thou hast got of good, and ill,
Is of good gone, and past, of evil present still.

Embleme 2.

ABLATIO CORDIS.

Scortatio vinumq; et mustum intercipit mentem. *Hos:* 4. 11.

Scorta placent, et vina placent, sic stulto inersq;
Exanimisq; animus: sic sine Corde Cor est.

2 *W.M. sculp:*

The taking away of the Heart.

HOS. 4. 11.

Whoredome and Wine, and new Wine take away the Heart.

Epigr. 2.

BAse luſt and luxury, the ſcum and droſs
of hell-born pleaſures, pleaſe thee to the loſs
Of thy ſouls precious eye-ſight, reaſon; ſo
Mindleſs thy mind, heartleſs thine heart doth grow.

ODE. 2.

1.

Laid down already? and ſo faſt aſleep?
Thy precious Heart left looſly on thine hand,
Which with all diligence thou ſhouldeſt keep,
And guard againſt thoſe enemies, that ſtand
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep
Of all diſtreſs? Rouze thee, and underſtand
In time, what in the end thou muſt confeſs,
That miſery at laſt and wretchedneſs
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſlothful idleneſs.

3.

Whilſt thou li'ſt ſoaking in ſecurity,
Thou drown'ſt thy ſelf in ſenſual delight,
And wallow'ſt in debaucht luxurie,
Which when thou art awake and ſee'ſt, will fright
Thine heart with horror. When thou ſhalt deſcry

By the day light, the danger of the night,
Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confeſs,
That endleſs miſery and wretchedneſs
Is all the fruit that ſprings from riotous exceſs.

3.

Whilſt thou doſt pamper thy proud fleſh, and thruſt
Into thy panch the prime of all thy ſtore,
Thou doſt but gather fuel for that luſt,
Which boyling in thy liver runneth o're,
And frieth in thy throbbing Veins, which muſt
Needs vent, or burſt, when they can hold no more.
But oh conſider what thou ſhalt confeſs
At laſt, that miſery and wretchedneſs
Is all the fruit that ſprings from luſtful wantonneſs.

4.

Whilſt thou doſt feed effiminate deſires
With ſpumy pleaſures, whilſt fruition
The coals of luſt, fans into flaming fires,
And ſpurious delights thou doateſt on,
Thy mind through cold remiſneſs ev'n expires,
And all the active vigour of't is gone.
Take heed in time, or elſe thou ſhalt confeſs
At laſt that miſery and wretchedneſs
Is all the fruit that ſprings from careleſs-mindedneſs.

5.

Whilſt thy regardleſs ſenſe-diſſolved mind
Lies by unbent, that ſhould have been thy ſpring
Of motion, all thy headſtrong paſſions find
Themſelves let looſe, and follow their own ſwing,
Forgetful of the great account behind,
As though there never wou'd be ſuch a thing,
But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confeſs
That miſery alone and wretchedneſs
The fruit that ſprings from ſoul-forgetfulneſs.

6.

6.

Whilſt thou remembreſt not thy later end,
Nor what a reck'ning thou on day muſt make,
Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,
Thou ſuffer'ſt helliſh Fiends thine heart to take,
Who, all the while thou trifleſt, do attend,
Ready to bring it to the Lake
Of fire and brimſtone: where thou ſhalt confeſs
That endleſs miſery and wretchedneſs
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſtupid heartleſneſs.

4 DE60

Embleme 3.

CORDIS TENEBRÆ.

Obtenebratum est decipiens cor eorum. Rom. 1. 21.

Heu tenebras Cordis: tenebræ quibus exteriores
Succedent nisit Lux tibi luce mea.

W. M. sculp.

The darkneſs of the Heart.

ROM. 1. 21.
Their fooliſh Heart was darkened.

Epigr. 3.

Such cloudy ſhadows have eclips'd thine heart
As Nature cannot parallel nor Art:
Unleſs thou take my light of truth to guide thee,
Blackneſs of darkneſs will at length betide thee.

ODE. 3.

1.

Tarry, O tarry, leſt thine heedleſs haſt
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at laſt:
See, ſee, thine heart's already half-way there,
Thoſe gloomy ſhadows, that encompaſs it,
Are the vaſt confines of th'infernal pit.
O ſtay, and if thou lov'ſt not light, yet fear
That fatall darkneſs, where
Such danger doth appear.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overſpread
Thy mind and underſtanding: thou art led
Blindfolded by unbridled paſſion:
Thou wand'reſt in the crooked ways of errour,
Leading directly to the King of terrour:
The courſe thou takeſt, if thou holdeſt on,
Will bury thee anon
In deep deſtruction.

3.

Whilſt thou art thus deprived of thy ſight,
Thou know'ſt no difference between noon and night,
Though the Sun ſhine, yet thou regard'ſt it not.
My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,
Nor doth my mind-amazing terrour awe thee:
Like one that had both good and ill forgot,
Thou careſt not a jot
What falleth to thy lot.

4.

Thou art become unto thy ſelf a ſtranger,
Obſerveſt not thine own deſert, or danger,
Thou know'ſt not what thou doſt, nor canſt thou tell
Whither thou goeſt: ſhooting in the dark
How canſt thou ever hope to hit the Mark?
What expectation haſt thou to do well,
That art content to dwell
Within the verge of hell?

5.

Alas, thou haſt not ſo much knowledge left,
As to conſider that thou art bereft
Of thine own eye-ſight. But thou run'ſt, as though
Thou ſaweſt all before thee: whilſt thy mind
To neereſt neceſſary things is blind.
Thou knoweſt nothing as thou ought'it to know,
Whilſt thou eſteemeſt ſo
The things that are below.

6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, miſtake
As thou art wont to do: no difference make
Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell?

But,

But, desperately devoted to destruction,
Rebell against the light, abhor instruction?
As though thou did'st desire with death to dwell,
Thou hatest to hear tell
How yet thou maist do well.

7.

Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,
And feel the dismall darkness of thine heart:
Then would'st thou labour for, and I would lend
My light to guide thee: that's not light alone,
But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one.
Then should'st thou know whither those by-ways bend,
And that death in the end
On darkness doth attend.

4 DE60

Embleme 4.

CORDIS FVGA

columba seducta non habens COR. Oseæ 7. 11.

Quam fugeret fugitiua tuum COR si COR haberet

Non meminisse mei, non meminisse sui:

4. Michel uan Lochem excu

The abſence of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 16.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get Wiſdom, ſeeing he hath no heart to it?

Epigr. 4.

HAd'ſt thou an heart, thou fickle Fugitive,
How would thine heart hate and diſdain to live
Mindful of ſuch vain trifles, as theſe be.

ODE. 4.

The Soul. 1.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!
Able to make fate-blaſted mortals bleſt,
Peculiar treaſures, and delights for Kings,
That having pow'r of all, would chooſe the beſt.
How do I huge mine happineſs, that have
Preſent poſſeſſion of what others crave?

Chriſt. 2.

Poor, ſilly, ſimple, ſenſe-beſotted ſoul,
Why doſt thou hug thy ſelf-procured woes?
Releaſe thy freeborn thoughts, at leaſt controul
Thoſe paſſions, that enſlave thee to thy foes.
How would'ſt thou hate thy ſelf, if thou did'ſt know
The baſeneſs of thoſe things thou prizeſt ſo!

The

The Soul. 3.

They talk of goodneſs, vertue, piety,
Religion, honeſty, I know not what;
So let them talk for me: ſo long as I
Have goods and lands, and gold and jewells, that
Both equall and excell all other treaſure, (ſure?
Why ſhould I ſtrive to make their pain my plea-

Chriſt. 4.

So Swine neglect the Pearls that lie before them,
Trample them under foot, and feed on draffe:
So fools gild rotten Idols, and adore them,
Caſt all the corn away, and keep the chaff.
That ever reaſon ſhould be blinded ſo,
To graſp the ſhadow, let the ſubſtance go!

The Soul. 5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts
Matter of worth: as this or that man ſets
A value on it, ſo the price amounts:
The ſound of ſtrings is vari'd by the frets.
My mind's my Kingdom: why ſhould I withſtand,
Or queſtion that, which I my ſelf command?

Chriſt. 6.

Thy tyrant paſſions captivate thy reaſon:
Thy luſts uſurp the guidance of the mind:
Thy ſenſe-led fancy barters good for geaſon:
Thy ſeed is vanity, thine harveſt wind:
Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'ſt awry:
Thy wayes are wandring, and thy mind to die.

The Soul. 7.

This table ſums me myriads of pleaſure:
That book enrolls mine honours inventory:
Theſe bags are ſtuft with millions of treaſure:

Thoſe

Thoſe writings evidence my ſtate of glory:
These bells ring heavenly muſick in mine ears,
To drown the noiſe of cumbrous cares and fears.

Chriſt. 8.

Thoſe pleaſures one day will procure thy pain:
That which thou glori'ſt in, will be thy ſhame:
Thou'lt find thy loſs in what thou thought'ſt thy gain:
Thine honour will put on another name.
That muſick in the cloſe will ring thy knell,
In ſtead of heaven, toll thee into hell.

9.

But why do I thus waſte my words in vain
On one, that's wholly taken up with toyes,
That will not looſe one dram of earth to gain
A full eternal weight of heav'nly joyes?
All's to no purpoſe, 'tis as good forbear,
As ſpeak to one, that hath no heart to hear.

4. DE60

Embleme 5.

CORDIS VANITAS.

Qui minoratur CORDE cogitat mania. Eccles. 23

Ambitio follis vento distendit bonorum
COR vanum; hinc spirat nil nisi grande NIHIL.

5 *Michel van Lochem excu*

The Vanity of the Heart.

JOB 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived trust in Vanity, for Vanity shall be his recompence.

Epigr. 5.

Ambition bellows with the wind of honour
Puft up the swelling heart, that dotes upon her:
which fill'd with empty Vanity, breaths forth
Nothing, but such things as are nothing worth.

ODE. 5.

1.

The bane of Kingdoms, worlds disquieter,
Hells heir apparent, Satans eldest son,
Abstract of ills, refined Elixir,
And quintessence of sin, Ambition,
Sprung from th'infernal shades, inhabits here,
Making mans heart its horrid mansion,
Which, though it were of vast content before,
Is now puft up, and swells still more and more.

2.

Whole Armies of vain thoughts it entertains,
Is stuft with dreams of Kingdoms, and of Crowns,
Presumes of profit without care or pains,
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frowns,

In

In ev'ry bargain makes account of gaines,
Fancies ſuch frolick mirth, as choaks and drowns
The voyce of conſcience, whoſe loud alarms
Cannot be hard for pleaſures countercharms.

3.

Wer't not for anger, and for pity, who
Could chooſe but ſmile to ſee vain-glorious men
Racking their wits, ſtraining their ſinews ſo,
That thorow their tranſparent thinneſs, when
They meet with Wind and Sun, they quickly grow
Riv'led and dry, ſhrink till they crack again,
And all but to ſeem greater then they are: (bare.
Stretching their ſtrength, they lay their weakneſs.

4.

See how hells Fueller his bellows piles,
Blowing the fire, that burnt too faſt before:
See how the furnace flames, the ſparkles riſe
And ſpread themſelves abroad ſtill more and more:
See how the doting Soul hath fixt her eyes
On her dear fooleries, and doth adore
With hands and heart lift up, thoſe trifling toys,
Wherewith the Devil chears her of her joyes.

5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd, that glittering crown,
On which thou gazeſt, is not gold but grief,
That ſcepter ſorrow: if thou take them down,
And try them, thou ſhalt find what poor relief
They could afford thee, though they were thine own,
Didſt thou command ev'n all the world in chief,
Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encreaſe,
And thy perplexed thoughts diſturb thy peace.

6.

Thoſe Pearls ſo thorow pierc'd, and ſtrung together,

Though

Though Jewels in thine ears they may appear,
Will prove continu'd perils, when the weather
Is clouded once, which yet is fair and clear.
What will that Fan, though of the fineſt feather,
Steed thee, the brunt of winds and ſtorms to bear?
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,
And the ſhrill trumpets ſound, ſhall ſtrike thee dead.

7.

Were all thoſe balls, which thou in ſport doſt toſs,
Whole Worlds, and in thy power to command,
The gain would never countervail the loſs,
Thoſe ſlipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand,
Thou canſt have no faſt hold but of the croſs,
And thou wilt fall, where thou doſt think to ſtand.
Forſake theſe follies then, if thou wilt live:
Timely repentance may thy death reprive.

4. DE60

Embleme 6.

CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Filii hominum, usquequò graui CORDE, Psal. 4. 3.

Crapula et ebrietas. solidi duo pondera plumbi.
Nata polo. sursum tendere CORDA *vetant.*

6 *Michel uan lochem exeu*

The oppreſsion of the Heart.

LVKE 21. 34.

Take heed leſt at any time your Hearts be over-charged with Surfeiting and Drunkenneſs.

Epigr. 6.

Two maſſy weights, Surfeitting, Drunkenneſs,
Like mighty Logs of Lead, do ſo oppreſs
The Heav'n-born hearts of Men, that to aſpire
Upwards they have nor power nor deſire.

ODE. 3.

1.

Monſter of ſins! See how th'inchanted ſoule
O'recharg'd already, calls for more.
See how the Helliſh Skinker plies his Bowle,
And's ready furniſhed with ſtore,
Whilſt Cups on every ſide
Planted, attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled Diſhes mounted ſtand,
Like Hills advanced upon Hills,
And the abundance both of Sea and Land,
Doth not ſuffice, ev'n what it fills,
Mans dropſy appetite,
And Cormorant delight.

3.

See how the poyſon'd body's puft, and ſwel'd,
The face enflamed glows with heat,
The limbs unable are themſelves to weld,
The pulſes (deaths alarm) do beat:
Yet man ſits ſtill, and laughs,
Whilſt his own bane he quaffs.

4.

But where's thine heart the while, thou ſenſeles ſot?
Look how it lieth cruſht, and quel'd,
Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot
Move from the place, where it is held,
Nor upward once aſpire
With heavenly deſire.

5.

Thy belly is thy God, thy ſhame thy, glory,
Thou mindeſt only earthly things;
And all thy pleaſure is but tranſitory,
Which grief at laſt and ſorrow brings:
The courſes thou doſt take
Will make thine heart to ake.

6.

Is't not enough to ſpend thy precious time
In empty idle complement,
Unleſs thou ſtrain (to aggravate thy crime)
Nature beyond its own extent,
And force it to devour
An Age within an hour?

7.

That which thou ſwallow'ſt is not loſt alone,
But quickly will revenged be,
By feaſing on thine heart, which like a ſtone,

Lyes

Lyes buri'd in the mid'ſt of thee,
Both void of common ſenſe
And reaſons excellence.

8.

Thy body is diſeaſes Rendevouze,
Thy mind the market place of vice,
The Devil in thy will keeps open houſe,
Thou liv'ſt, as though thou would'ſt intice
Hell torments unto thee,
And thine own Devil be.

9.

Oh, what a dirty dunghill art thou grown,
A naſty ſtinking kennel ſoule!
When thou awak'ſt and ſee'ſt what thou haſt done,
Sorrow will ſwallow up thy Soul,
To think how thou art foyl'd,
And all thy glory ſpoyl'd.

10.

Or if thou canſt not be aſham'd, at leaſt
Have ſome compaſſion on thy ſelf:
Before thou art transformed all to beaſt,
At laſt ſtrike ſail, avoid the ſhelf,
Which in that Gulf doth lie,
Where all that enter die.

4. DE60

C Emb.

Embleme 7.

CORDIS AVARITIA.

Diuitiæ si affluant, nolite COR apponere. *Psal.* 61. 11.

COR *vbi sit quæris vaga et excors? scilicet hic est.*
Est ubi, quod proprio plus tibi corde placet.

7 Michel uan Lochem excu.

The Covetouſneſs of the Heart.

MAT. 6. 21.

Where your Treaſure is, there will your Heart be alſo.

Epigr. 7.

Doſt thou enquire, thou heartleſs wanderer,
where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above
Thine own dear heart thou doſt eſteem, and love.

ODE. 7.

1.

See the deceitfulneſs of ſin,
And how the Devil cheateth worldly men:
They heap up Riches to themſelves, and then
They think they cannot chuſe but win,
Though for their parts
They ſtake their hearts.

2.

The Merchant ſends his heart to Sea
And there together with his ſhip 'tis toſt:
If this by chance miſcarry, that is loſt,
His confidence is caſt away:
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

3.

The Pedlar cryes, What do you lack?
What will you buy? and boasts his Wares the best:
But offers you the refuse of the rest,
As though his heart lay in his Pack,
Which greater gain
Alone can drain.

4.

The Plough-man furrows up his Land,
And sows his heart together with his Seed,
Which both alike, earth-born on earth do feed,
And prosper, or are at a stand:
He and his field
Like fruit do yeeld.

5.

The Broker, and the Scriv'ner have
The Us'rers heart in keeping with his bands:
His souls dear sustenance lyes in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave.
His int'rest is
His only bliss.

6.

The Money-horder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his Cheft;
The same key serves to that, and to his breft,
Which of no other Heaven brags:
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

7.

So for the greedy Landmunger:
The Purchases he makes in ev'ry part
Take livery and seisin of his heart:

Yet

Yet his insatiate hunger,
For all his store,
Gapes after more.

8.

Poor wretched Muckworms, wipe your eyes,
Uncase those trifles that before you so:
Your rich appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your desires lyes.
Your hearts are where
You love, and fear.

9.

Oh, think not then the world deserves
Either to be belov'd, or fear'd by you:
Give heaven these affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss
That endless is.

4. DE60

Embleme 8.

APERTIO CORDIS.

LANCEA LONGINI.

Vulnerata charitate ego sum. cant. 2. 5.

COR, pia, transadigat diuum vulnere amoris
Lancea, quæ Jesu tincta cruore rubet.
M. van Sichem excu

The hardneſs of the Heart.

ZECH. 7. 12.

They made their Hearts as an Adamant Stone, leſt they ſhould hear the Law.

Epigr. 8.

Words move thee not, nor works: nor gifts, nor ſtrokes:
Thy ſturdy Adamantine heart provokes
My Juſtice, ſleights my mercies: Anvile-like
Thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd, though my hammer ſtrike.

ODE. 8.

1.

What have we here? An Heart? It looks like one,
The ſhape and colour ſpeak it ſuch:
But having brought it to the touch
I find it is no better then a ſtone.
Adamants are
Softer by far.

2.

Long hath it ſteeped been in Mercies Milk,
And ſoaked in Salvation,
Meet for the alteration
Of Anvils, to have made them ſoft as ſilk;
Yet it is ſtill
Hard'ned in ill.

3.

Oft have I rain'd my Word upon it, oft
The dew of Heaven hath diſtil'd,
With promiſes of mercy fill'd,
Able to make mountains of marble ſoft:
Yet it is not
Changed a jot.

4.

My beams of love ſhine on it every day,
Able to thaw the thickeſt ice,
And where they enter in a trice
To make congealed Chryſtal melt away:
Yet warm they not
This frozen clot.

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind
Rocks unto duſt, and powder ſmall,
Makes no impreſſion at all,
Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find:
But leaves it as
Before it was.

6.

Is mine Almighty arm decai'd in ſtrength?
Or hath mine hammer loſt its weight?
That a poor lump of earth ſhould ſleight
My mercies, and not feel my wrath at length,
With which I make
Ev'n heav'n to ſhake?

7.

No, I am ſtill the ſame, I alter not,
And, when I pleaſe, my works of wonder
Shall bring the ſtouteſt ſpirits under,

And

And make them to confeſs it is their lot
To bow or break,
When I but ſpeak.

8.

But I would have men know, 'tis not my word,
Or works alone can change their hearts:
Theſe inſtruments perform their parts,
But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.
'Tis I, not art,
Can melt mans heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their cuſtomary ſinning,
And ſo uncleanch the devils claws,
That keeps them captive in his paws,
My bounty ſoon ſhould ſecond that beginning:
Ev'n hearts of ſteel.
My force ſhould feel.

4 DE60

Embleme 9.

CORDIS DIVISIO.

Diuisum est COR eorum: nunc interibunt. *Osea. 10. 2.*

Me tibi cum totum dederim vanissima. CORDIS.
Cur mihi virgo tui pars aliquanta datur?
Michel van Iochem. exc.

The Diviſion of the Heart.

HOS. 10. 2.

Thine Heart is divided? now ſhall they be found faulty.

Epigr. 9.

VAin trifling Virgin, I my ſelf have given
wholly to thee: and ſhall I now be driven
To reſt contented with a petty part,
That have deſerved more then a whole heart?

ODE. 9.

1.

More miſchief yet? was't not enough before
To rob me wholly of thine heart,
Which I alone
Should call mine own,
But thou muſt mock me with a part?
Crown injury with ſcorn to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? ſcarce fleſh enough to ſerve
A Kite one breakfaſt: how much leſs,
If it ſhould be
Offer'd to me?
Could it ſufficiently expreſs
What I for making it at firſt deſerve?

3.

3.

I gave't thee whole, and fully furniſhed
With all its faculties entire,
There wanted not
The ſmalleſt jot,
That ſtricteſt juſtice could require
To render it compleatly perfected.

4.

And is it reaſon what I give in groſs
Should be return'd but by retail?
To take to ſmall
A part for all,
I reckon of no more avail,
Then where I ſcatter gold to gather droſs.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee:
Or give it me at leaſt as I
Have given mine
To purchaſe thine.
I halv'd it not when I did die:
But gave my ſelf wholly to ſet thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart,
And when thy heart by ſin was ſlain,
I laid down mine
To ranſome thine,
That thy dead heart might live again,
And live entirely perfect, not in part.

7.

But whilſt thine heart's divided it is dead,
Dead unto me, unleſs it live
To me alone,
It is all one.

To

To keep all, and a part to give:
For what's a body worth without an Head?

8.

Yet this is worse, that what thou keep'st from me
Thou dost bestow upon my foes:
And those not mine
Alone, but thine.
The proper causes of thy woes,
For whom I gave my life to set thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to my self, and shall
The devil, and the world, intrude
Upon my right,
Ev'n in my sight?
Think not thou canst me so delude.
I will have none, unless I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,
I gave all that I had for it:
If I must loose,
I'le rather choose
Mine interest in all to quit:
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 10.

CORDIS INSATIABILITAS.

Insatiabilis oculus cupidi. Eccli. 14. 9.

Non triquetrum toto COR est Satiabile mundo.
Solum quæ fecit. COR replet vna trias.

10 Michel. van Lochem excū

The Insatiableness of the Heart.

HAB. 2. 5.

Who inlargeth his desire as Hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.

Epigr. 10.

THe whole round World is not enough to fill
The Hearts three corners, but it craveth still.
Only the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vast triangled Heart of man.

ODE. 10.

1.

The Thirsty Earth, and Barren Womb cry, Give:
The Grave devoureth all that live:
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,
It is enough: The Horse-leech hath
Many more Daughters: but the heart of man
Out-gapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: The Barren Womb,
Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the Tomb
To its own swelling issue: and the Grave
Shall one day a sick surfeit have:
When all the Fuel is consum'd, the fire,
Will quench it self, and of it self expire.

3.

3.

But the vaſt heart of man's inſatiate,
His boundleſs appetite dilate
Themſelves beyond all limits, his deſires
Are endleſs ſtill: whilſt he aſpires
To happineſs, and fain would find that treaſure
Where it is not, his wiſhes know no meaſure.

4.

His eye with ſeeing is not ſatisfi'd,
Nor's ear with hearing: he hath tri'd
At once to furniſh ev'ry ſev'ral ſenſe,
With choice of curious objects, whence
He might extract, and into one unite
A perfect quinteſſence of all delight.

5.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, ſtill
There wanteth more to fill
His empty appetite. His mind is vext,
And he is inwardly perplext
He knows not why: when as the truth is this,
He would find ſomthing there, where nothing is.

6.

He rambles over all the faculties,
Ranſacks the ſecret treaſuries
Of Art and Nature, ſpells the Univerſe
Letter by letter, can reherſe
All the Records of time, pretends to know
Reaſons of all things, why they muſt be ſo.

7.

Yet is not ſo contented, but would fain
Prie in Gods Cabiner, and gain
Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,
Anticipate the day of Doom,

And

And read the iſſues of all actions ſo,
As if Gods ſecret counſel he did know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renown,
And glory, that the world can crown
Her deareſt darlings with; yet his deſire
Will not reſt there, but ſtill aſpire.
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation
Contain his wiſhes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little, yet this All
Compared thereunto's but ſmall,
Of ſuch a large unparallel'd extenſe
Is the ſhort-lin'd circumference
Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill
With the round world is to leave empty ſtill.

10.

Go greedy ſoul, addreſs thy ſelf to heav'n,
And leave the world, as 'tis bereav'n
Of all true happineſs, or any thing
That to thine heart content can bring,
But there a trine-une God in glory ſits,
Who all grace-thirſting hearts both fills and fits.

4 DE60

Embleme 11.

CORDIS REVERSIO.

Redite prævaricatores ad COR. *Isaiæ 46.*

Quin mihi iam toties revocata reverteris ad COR!

Velle redire, merum velle perire, puta.

Michel van Lochem excu.

The Returning of the Heart.

ISAY. 46. 8.

Remember this, and ſhew your ſelves like men:
Bring it again to heart, O ye tranſgreſſors.

Epigr. 11.

OFt have I call'd thee: O return at laſt,
Return unto thine heart: let the time paſt
Suffice thy wanderings: know that to cheriſh
Revolting ſtill, is a meer will to periſh.

ODE. 11.

Chriſt. 1.

Return O wanderer, return, return.
Let me not always waſt my words in vain
As I have done too long. Why doſt thou ſpurn (gain?
And kick the counſels that ſhould bring thee back a-

The Soul. 2.

What's this that checks my courſe? Me thinks I feel
A cold remiſneſs ſeiſing on my mind:
My ſtagger'd reſolutions ſeem to reel,
As though they had in haſt forgot mine heart behind.

Chriſt. 3.

Return, O wanderer, return, return.
Thou art already gone too far away,
It is enough: unleſs thou mean to burn
In hell for ever, ſtop thy courſe at laſt and ſtay.

The Soul. 4.

There's ſomething holds me back, I cannot move
Forward

Forward one foot: me thinks the more I ſtrive
The leſs I ſtir. Is there a pow'r above
My will in me, that can my purpoſes reprive?

Chriſt. 5.

No power of thine own: 'tis I, that lay
Mine hand upon thine haſte: whoſe will can make
The reſtleſs motions of the heavens ſtay, (take.
Stand ſtill, turn back again, or new found courſes

The Soul. 6.

What? am I riveted, or rooted here?
That neither forward, nor on either ſide
I can get looſe? then there's no hope I fear,
But I muſt back again, whatever me betide.

Chriſt. 7.

And back again thou ſhalt. I'le have it ſo.
Though thou haſt hitherto my voice neglected,
Now I have handed thee, I'le have thee know,
That what I will have done ſhall not be uneffected.

The Soul. 8.

Thou wilt prevail then, and I muſt return.
But how? or whither? when a world of ſhame,
And ſorrow, lies before me, and I burn
With horror in my ſelf to think upon the ſame.

9.

Shall I return to thee? Alas, I have
No hope to be received: a run-away,
A rebel to return! mad men may rave
Of mercy miracles, but what will juſtice ſay?

10.

Shall I return to mine own heart? Alas,
'Tis loſt, and dead, and rotten long ago,
I cannot find it what at firſt it was,
And it hath been too long the cauſe of all my woe.

11.

11.

Shall I forſake my pleaſures, and delights,
My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,
For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights,
Repentant ſorrow, that the ſoul aſunder rents?

12.

Shall I return, that cannot though I would?
I, that had ſtrength enough to go aſtray,
Find my ſelf faint, and feeble, how I ſhould
Return. I cannot run I cannot creep this way.

13.

What ſhall I doe? Forward I muſt not go,
Backward I cannot: If I tarry here,
I ſhall be drowned in a world of woe,
And antidate my own damnation by deſpair.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have,
Then unto future expectation truſt?
Oh no: to reaſon thus is but to rave.
Therefore return I will, becauſe return I muſt.

Chriſt. 15.

Return, and welcome: if thou wilt thou ſhalt;
Although thou canſt not of thy ſelf, yet I,
That call, can make thee able. Let the fault
Be mine, if when thou wilt return I let thee lye.

4 DE60

Embleme 12.

CORDIS EFFVSIO.

Effunde, ſicut aquam COR tuum ante conſpectum Domini Thren. 2. 19.

Vota quid occluſo, quid vulnera pectore celas?
Ante Deum fuſę COR patet, inſtar aquę.

12 Michel van Lochem excu

The powring out of the Heart,

LAM. 2. 19.

Powre out thine Heart like Water before the face of the Lord.

Epigr. 12.

WHy doſt thou hide thy Wounds? why doſt thou hide
In thy cloſe breaſt thy wiſhes, and ſo ſide
With thine own ſoars and ſorrows? Like a ſpout
Of water let thine Heart to God break out.

ODE. 12.

The Soul. 1.

Can death, or hell, be worſe then this eſtate?
Anguiſh, amazement, horror, and Confuſion,
Drown my diſtracted mind in deep diſtreſs.
My grief's grown ſo tranſcendent, that I hate
To hear of comfort, as a falſe Concluſion
Vainly infer'd from feigned Premiſes.
What ſhall I do? what ſtrange courſe ſhall I try,
That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

Chriſt. 2.

Be rul'd by me, I'le teach thee ſuch a way,
As that thou ſhalt not only drain thy mind
From that deſtructive deluge of diſtreſs,
That overwhelms thy thoughts, but clear the day,
And ſoon recover light, and ſtrength to find,
And to regain thy long loſt happineſs.
Confeſs, & pray. Say what it is doth ail thee, (thee.
What thou wouldſt have, and that ſhall ſoon avail

The

The Soul. 3.

Confeſs and pray? If that be all, I will.
Lord, I am ſick, and thou art health, reſtore me.
Lord, I am weak, and thou art ſtrength, ſuſtain me.
That thou art all goodneſs, Lord, and I all ill.
Thou Lord, art holy, I unclean before thee.
Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintain me.
Lord, I am dead, and thou art life, revive me.
Juſtice condemns, let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miſcreant I am, compos'd
Of ſin, and miſery; 'tis hard to ſay,
Which of the two allyes me moſt to hell:
Native corruption makes me indiſpos'd
To all that's good, but apt to go aſtray,
Prone to do ill, unable to do well,
My light is darkneſs, and my liberty
Bondage, my beauty ſoul deformity.

5

A plague of leproſie o'riſpreadeth all
My pow'rs, and faculties: I am unclean,
I am unclean: my liver broils with luſt,
Rancor and malice overflow my gall,
Envy my bones doth rot, and keep me lean,
Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's juſt:
Mine eare's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evil,
And hating goodneſs makes me parcell devil.

6.

My callous conſcience is cauteriz'd;
My trembling heart ſhakes with continual fear:
My frantick paſſions fill my mind with madneſs:
My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:
My poys'nous tongue ſpits venome ev'ry where:

My

My wounded Spirit's ſwallow'd up with ſadneſs :
Impatience diſcontentment plagues me ſo,
I neither can ſtand ſtill, nor forward go.

7.

Lord, I am all diſeaſes : Hoſpitals,
And bills of Mountebanks, have not ſo many,
Nor half ſo bad. Lord, hear, and help, and heal me.
Although my guiltineſs for vengeance calls,
And colour of excuſe I have not any,
Yet thou haſt goodneſs, Lord, that may avail me.
Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to thee :
Vouchſafe one drop of mercy unto me.

4 DE60

Embleme 13.

CORDIS CIRCVMCISIO.

circumcidite præputium
CORDIS uestri. *Deuteron. 10. 16.*

Crux capulum. chalybem cultro dat lancea. dant
Ferrum. hoc COR *circum-cide deoqs sacra.*

The Circumcision of the Heart.

DEUT. 10. 16.

Circumcise the foreskin of your Heart, and be no more stiff necked.

Epigr. 13.

HEre, take thy Saviours cross, the nails, and spear,
That for thy sake his holy flesh did tear:
use them as knives thine heart to Circumcise,
And dress thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

ODE. 13.

1.

Heal thee? I will. But first I'le let thee know
What it comes to.
The plaister was prepared long agoe:
But thou must do
Something thy self, that it may be
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,
Was slain, and dy'd,
By mine own people was turn'd out of doors,
And crucify'd:
My side was pierced with a spear,
And nails my hands and feet did tear.

3.

Do thou then to thy self, as they to me:
Make haste, and try,
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,
To crucifie.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood
Is like to doe thee little good:

4.

My courſe of Phyſick is to cure the Soul
By killing ſin.
So then thine own Corruptions to controul
Thou muſt begin
Untill thine heart be circumcis'd,
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

Conſider then my Croſs, my Nails, and Spear,
And let that thought
Cut Raſor-like thine heart, when thou doſt hear,
How dear I bought
Thy freedom from the pow'r of ſin,
And that diſtreſs which thou waſt in.

6.

Cut out the Iron ſinew of thy neck,
That it may be
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,
And learn of me.
Meekneſs alone, and yeelding, hath
A power to appeaſe my wrath.

7.

Shave off thine hairy ſcalpe, thoſe curled locks
Powd'red with pride,
Wherewith my ſcornful heart, my judgements mocks,
And thinks to hide
Its thunder-threaned head, which bared
Alone is likely to be ſpared.

8.

Pip off theſe ſeeming robes, but real rags,
Which earth admires

As

As honourable ornaments, and brags
That it attires,
Cumbers thee indeed. Thy sores
Festers with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine Ambitious wings, let down thy plumes,
And learn to stoop,
Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes
Of strength will droop
At last, and flag, when he should flye.
Falls hurt them most that climb most high.

10.

Scrape off that scaly scurffe of vanities,
That clogs thee so:
Profits and pleasures are those enemies,
That work thy woe.
If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds,
First rid each humour that abounds.

4. DE60

Emblema 14.

CORDIS CONTRITIO.

COR contritum et humiliatum.
Deus, non despicies, *Psal. 50. 19.*

In partes quam mille velim contundere COR *hoc.*
Quod fuit auctori sponte rebelle suo.

14. *Michel van Lochem excu.*

The Contrition of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

A broken and contrite Heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Epigr. 14.

How gladly would I bruise, and break this Heart
unto a thousand pieces, till the smart
Make it confess, that, of its own accord,
It wilfully rebel'd against the Lord?

ODE. 14.

1.

Lord, if I had an arm or pow'r like thine,
And could effect what I desire,
My love-drawn heart, like smallest wyre,
Bended and written should together twine,
And twisted stand
With thy command:
Thou should'st no sooner bid, but I would go,
Thou should'st not will the thing I would not do.

2.

But I am weak, Lord, and corruption strong:
When I would fain do what I should,
Then I cannot do what I would:
Mine actions short, when mine intention's long;
Though my desire
Be quick as fire,

Yet my performance is as dull as earth,
And ſtifles its own iſſue in the birth.

3.

But what I can do, Lord, I will, ſince what
I would I cannot: I will try
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,
Being calm'd, and tempered with that
Liquor which falls
From mine eye-balls.
Will work more plaintly, and yeeld to take
Such new impreſſion as thy grace ſhall make.

4.

In mine own conſcience then, as in a mortar
I'le place mine heart, and bray it there:
If grief for what is paſt, and fear
Of what's to come be a ſufficient torture,
I'le break it all
In pieces ſmall:
Sin ſhall not find a ſheard without a flaw,
Wherein to lodge one luſt againſt thy Law.

5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou haſt done;
What thou haſt left undone: the ill
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is ſtill
Thy curſed iſſue onely; thou art grown
To ſuch a paſs,
That never was,
Nor is, nor will there be, a ſin ſo bad,
But thou, ſome way therein an hand haſt had.

6.

Thou haſt not been content alone to ſin,
But haſt made others ſin with thee,
Yea made their ſins thine own to be,

By

y liking, and allowing them therein.
Who firſt begins,
Or follows, ſins
Not his own ſins alone, but ſinneth o're
All the ſame ſins, both after, and before.

7.

What boundleſs ſorrow can ſuffice a guilt.
Grown ſo tranſcendent? Should thine eye,
Weep Seas of Blood, thy ſighs outvie
The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,
Yet they could not
Conceal one blot.
The leaſt of all thy ſins againſt thy God
Deſerve a thunderbolt ſhould be thy rod.

8.

Enough at once, while thou art whole,
Shiver thy ſelf to duſt, and dole
Thy ſorrow to the ſev'ral atomes, give
All to each part,
And by that art
Strive thy diſſever'd ſelf to multiply,
And want of weight with number to ſupply.

4 DE60

Embleme 15.

CORDIS HVMILIATIO.

Deprime COR tuum et sustine. Eccli. 2. 2.

COR nimis heu sese gaudens sublimibus effert:
Ni super impositum deprimat illud onus.

 Michel van Lochem excu.

The Humiliation of the Heart.

ECCL. 7. 9.

The patient in Spirit, is better then the proud in Spirit.

Epigr. 15.

MIne Heart, alas, exalts it self too high,
And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye,
Then it is able to maintain, unless
It feel the weight of thine imposed Press.

ODE. 15.

1.

So let it be,
Lord, I am well content,
And thou shalt see
The time is not mis-pent,
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell
And crush the heart where pride before did swell.

2.

Lord, I perceive
As soon as thou dost send,
And I receive
The blessings thou dost lend,
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.

3.

3.

In health I grew
Wanton, began to kick,
As though I knew
I never ſhould be ſick.
Diſeaſes take me down, and make me know,
Bodies of Braſs muſt pay the debt they owe.

4.

If I but dream
Of wealth, mine heart doth riſe
With a full ſtream
Of pride, and I deſpiſe
All that is good, untill I wake, and ſpie
The ſwelling bubble prickt with poverty.

5.

A little wind
Of undeſerved praiſe
Blows up my mind,
And my ſwoln thoughts doth raiſe
Above themſelves, until the ſenſe of ſhame
Makes me contemn my ſelf-diſhonour'd name.

6.

One moments mirth
Would make me run ſtark mad,
And the whole earth,
Could it at once be had,
Would not ſuffice my gredy appetite,
Did'ſt thou not pain in ſtead of pleaſure write.

7.

Lord, it is well,
I was in time brought down,
Elſe thou canſt tell,
Mine heart would ſoon have flow'n

Full

Full in thy face, and ſtudi'd to requite
The riches of thy goodneſs with deſpight.

8.

Slack not thine hand,
Lord, turn thy Screw about:
If thy Preſs ſtand,
Mine heart may chance ſlip out.
O queſt it unto nothing, rather then
It ſhould forget it ſelf, and ſwell again.

9.

Or if thou art
Diſpos'd to let it go,
Lord, teach mine heart
To lay it ſelf as low,
As thou canſt it: that proſperity
May ſtill be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to riſe
Was to deſcend: let me
My ſelf deſpiſe,
And ſo aſcend with thee.
Thou throw'ſt them down, that lift themſelves on high,
And raiſeſt them, that on the ground do lie.

4 DE60

Embleme 16.

CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Deus molliuit COR meum. *Iob.* 23. 16

COR *marmor glaciale. Deus. cui cera. liquescet.*
Vrere cùm tuus hoc ceperit ignis amor.

Michel van Iochem excū.

16

The Softning of the Heart.

JOB 23. 16.

God maketh my Heart soft.

Epigr. 16.

MIne heart is like a Marble ice,
Both cold, and hard: but thou canst in a trice
Melt it like wax, great God, if from above
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.

ODE. 16.

1.

Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not:
If out of all this grot
There can but any gold be got,
The time thou dost bestow, the cost,
And pains will not be lost:
The bargain is but hard at most.
And such are all those thou dost make with me:
Thou know'st thou canst not but a loser be.

2.

When the Sun shines with glitt'ring beams,
His cold dispelling gleames
Turn snow, and ice to wat'ry streams.
The Wax, so soon as it hath smelt
The warmth of fire, and felt
The glowing heat thereof will melt.

Yea

Yea Pearls with Vinegar dissolve we may,
And Adamants in Blood of Goats, they say.

3.

If nature can do this, much more,
Lord, may thy grace restore
Mine heart to what it was before.
There's the same matter in it still,
Though new inform'd with ill,
Yet can it not resist thy will.
Thy pow'r that fram'd it at the first, as oft
As thou wilt have it, Lord can make it soft.

4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousness:
And though I must confess
Mine heart's grown hard in wickedness,
Yet thy resplendent rays of light,
When once they come in sight,
Will quickly thaw what froze by Night.
Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell
Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

5.

Although mine heare in hardness pass
Both iron, steel, and brass,
Yea the hardest thing that ever was,
Yet, if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And working with thy word
A blessing unto it afford,
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,
But melt it self away before thy throne.

6

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,
That the Sun cannot touch
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,
Yet thy warm reeking self-shed blood,

O Lamb of God, 's ſo good
It cannot always be withſtood.
That Aqua-regia of thy love prevails,
Ev'n where thy powers Aqua-fortis fails.

7.

Then leave me not ſo ſoon, dear Lord,
Though I neglect thy Word,
And what thy power doth afford,
Yet try thy mercy, and thy love,
The force thereof may prove.
Soakt in thy bloud, mine heart will ſoon ſurrender
Its native hardneſs, and grow ſoft, and tender.

4 DE60

Embleme 17.

CORDIS MVNDATIO.

Laua a malitiâ COR tuum. *Jirem. 4. 14.*

Fons scaturit lateris transfixi vulnere sponsi
Hoc CORDIS *maculas abluc sponsa tui.*

Michel van Lochem excu.

17

The Cleanſing of the Heart.

JER. 5. 14.

O Jeruſalem, waſh thine Heart from wickedneſs, that thou maiſt be Saved.

Epigr. 17.

Out of thy wounded Husbands Saviours ſide,
Eſpouſed Soul, there flows with a full tide
A Fountain for uncleanneſs: waſh thee there,
waſh there thine heart, and then thou need'ſt not fear.

ODE. 17.

1.

O endleſs miſery!
I labour ſtill, but ſtill in vain!
The ſtains of ſin I ſee
Are ſoaked all, or di'd in grain.
There's not a blot
Will ſtir a jot
For all that I can do.
There is no hope
In fullers ſope,
Though I add nitre too.

2.

I many ways have tri'd,
Have often ſoakt it in cold fears,
And, when a time I ſpi'd,
Powred upon it ſcalding tears,
Have rins'd, and rub'd,
And ſcrap't and ſcrub'd,

And

And turn'd it up, and down:
Yet can I not
Wash out one spot.
It's rather fouler grown.

3.

O miserable state!
Who would be troubled with an heart,
As I have been of late,
Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart?
If it will not
Be cleaner got,
'Twere better I had none.
Yet how should we
Divided be,
That are not two, but one?

4.

But am I not stark wild,
That go about to wash mine heart
With hands that are defil'd,
As much as any other part?
Whilst all thy tears,
Thine hopes, and fears,
Both ev'ry word, and deed,
And thought is foul,
Poor silly Soul,
How canst thou look to speed?

5.

Can there no help be had?
Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure:
Mine heart is not so bad,
So foul, but thou canst cleanse it sure.
Speak, blessed Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Me means to make it clean?

I know thou wilt:
Thy bloud were ſpilt
Should it run ſtill in vain.

6.

Then to that bleſſed ſpring,
Which from my Saviours ſacred ſide
Doth flow, mine heart I'le bring,
And there it will be purifi'd.
Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimſon, or Scarlet were,
This Bloud I know,
Will make't, as Snow,
Or Wool, both clean, and cleer.

4 DE60

Embleme 18.

SPECVLVM CORDIS IN QVINQVE VVLNERIBVS

Inſpice et fac ſecundum Exemplar quod tibi in monte monſtratum eſt. *Exod.* 25. 40.

Pro ſpæculo CORDIS, COR *aſpice dulcis Jeſu.*
Imprimet hoc CORDI, *vulnera viua, tuo.*

Michel van Lochem excū 18

The giving of the Heart.

PROV. 23. 21.

My Son give me thine Heart.

Epigr. 18.

THe onely love, the onely fear, thou art,
Dear, and dread Saviour, of my ſin-ſick heart.
Thine heart thou gaveſt, that it might be mine:
Take thou mine heart then, that it may be thine.

ODE. 18.

1.

Give thee mine heart? Lord ſo I would,
And there's great reaſon that I ſhould,
If it were worth the having:
Yet ſure thou wilt eſteem that good,
Which thou haſt purchas'd with thy bloud,
And thought it worth the craving.

2.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, ſo I will,
If thou wilt firſt impart the ſkill
Of bringing it to thee:
But ſhould I truſt my ſelf to give
Mine heart, as ſure as I do live,
I ſhould deceived be.

3.

As all the value of mine heart
Proceeds from favour, not deſert,
Acceptance is its worth:

So neither know I how to bring
A preſent to my heav'nly King,
Unleſs he ſet it forth.

4.

Lord of my life, me thinks I hear
Thee ſay, that thee alone to fear,
And thee alone to love,
Is to beſtow mine heart on thee,
That other giving none can be,
Whereof thou wilt approve.

5.

And well thou doſt deſerve to be
Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,
So good, ſo great, thou art:
Greatneſs ſo good, goodneſs ſo great,
As paſſeth all finite conceit,
And raviſheth mine heart.

6.

Should I not love thee, bleſſed Lord,
Who freely of thine own accord
Laid'ſt down thy life for me?
For me, that was not dead alone,
But deſp'rately tranſcendent grown
In enmitie to thee?

7.

Should I not fear before thee, Lord,
Whoſe hand ſpans Heaven, at whoſe word
Devils themſelves do quake?
Whoſe eyes out-ſhine the Sun, whoſe beck
Can the whole courſe of Nature check,
And its foundations ſhake?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,

The fountain of felicity,
Before whose presence is
Fulness of joy, at whose right hand
All pleasures in perfection stand,
And everlasting bliss?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,
And myriads in ev'ry one
Of choicest loves, and fears,
They were too little to bestow
On thee, to whom I all things owe,
I should be in arrears.

10.

Yet, since my heart's the most I have,
And that which thou dost chiefly crave,
Thou shalt not of it miss.
Although I cannot give it so,
As I should do, I'le offer't though:
Lord take it, here it is.

4 DE60

Emblema 19.

CORDIS SACRIFICIVM.

Sacrificium Deo, ſpiritus contribulatus. *Pſal. 50. 19.*

Non vituli cæſue Deo placet hoſtia tauri:
COR mihi qui dedit hic COR ſibi poſcit amor.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

The Sacrifices of God are a broken Heart.

Epigr. 19.

Nor Calves, nor Bulls, are ſacrifices good
Enough for thee, who gav'ſt for me thy bloud,
And more then that, thy life: Take thine own part,
Great God, that gaveſt all, here take mine heart.

ODE. 19.

1.

Thy former covenant of old,
Thy Law of Ordinances, did require
Fat ſacrifices from the fold,
And many other off'rings made by fire.
Whilſt thy firſt Tabernacle ſtood,
All things were conſecrate with bloud.

2.

And can thy better Covenant,
Thy law of grace and truth by Jeſus Chriſt,
Its proper ſacrifices want
For ſuch an Altar, and for ſuch a Prieſt?
No, no, thy Goſpel doth require
Choice off'rings too and made by fire.

3.

A ſacrifice for ſin indeed,
Lord, thou didſt make thy ſelf, and once for all:
So that there never will be need
Of any more ſin-off'rings, great, or ſmall.

The life-bloud thou did'ſt ſhed for me,
Hath ſet my ſoul for ever free.

4.

Yea, the ſame ſacrifice thou doſt
Still offer in behalf of thine elect:
And to improve it to the moſt,
Thy Word, and Sacraments do in effect
Offer thee oft, and ſacrifice
Thee daily in our ears, and eyes.

5.

Yea, each beleiving ſoul may take
Thy ſacrificed fleſh, and bloud by faith,
And therewith an atonement make
For all its treſpaſſes, thy Goſpel ſaith.
Such infinite tranſcendent price
Is there in thy ſweet ſacrifice.

6.

But is this all? Muſt there not be
Peace-offerings, and ſacrifices of
Thankſgiving tendered unto thee?
Yes, Lord, I know I ſhould but mock, and ſcoff
Thy ſacrifice for ſin, ſhould I
My ſacrifice of praiſe deny.

7.

But I have nothing of mine own
Worthy to be preſented in thy ſight,
Yea the whole world affords not one
Or Ram, or Lamb, wherein thou canſt delight.
Leſs then my ſelf it muſt not be:
For thou didſt give thy ſelf for me.

8.

My ſelf then I muſt ſacrifice:
And ſo I will, mine heart, the onely thing

Thou

Thou doſt above all other prize
As thine own part, the beſt I have to bring.
An humble heart's a ſacrifice,
Which I know thou wilt not deſpiſe.

9.

Lord, be my altar, ſanctifie
Mine heart thy ſacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,
Burning with zeal to magnifie thy merit,
May both conſume my ſins, and raiſe
Eternal trophies to thy praiſe.

4 DE60

Embleme 20.

CORDIS PONDERATIO.

Appendit CORDA Dominus. *prouerb. 21. 2.*

Quod mihi donasti, magno pro munere non est
Si neget hoc. iussi ponderis æqua bilanx.
Michel van Iochem excu.

128.

The weighing of the Heart.

PROV. 21. 2.

The Lord pondereth the Heart.

Epigr. 20.

THe heart thou giv'ſt as a great gift, my love,
Brought to the trial nothing ſuch will prove,
If Juſtice equal ballance tell thy ſight
That weighed with my Law, it is too light.

ODE. 20.

1.

'Tis true indeed, an heart
Such as it ought to be,
Entire, and ſound in ev'ry part,
Is always welcome unto me.
He that would pleaſe me with an offering
Cannot a better have, although he were a King.

2.

And there is none ſo poor,
But if he will he may
Bring me an heart, although no more,
And on mine Altar may it lay.
The ſacrifice which I like beſt, is ſuch (grutch,
As rich men cannot boaſt, and poor men need not

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not
A gift ſufficient,
It muſt be purg'd from ev'ry ſpot,
And all to pieces muſt be rent.

Though thou haſt ſought to circumciſe, and bruiſe't,
It muſt be weighed too, or elſe I ſhall refuſe't.

4.

My ballances are juſt,
My Law's an equal weight,
The beam is ſtrong, and thou maiſt truſt
Thy ſteady hand to hold it ſtreight.
Were thine heart equal to the world in ſight,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it ſhould prove too light.

5.

And ſo thou ſee'ſt it doth,
My ponderous Law doth preſs
This ſcale, but that, as fill'd with froth,
Tilts up, and makes no ſhew of ſtreſs.
Thine heart is empty ſure, or elſe it would
In weight, as well as bulk, better proportion hold.

6.

Search it, and thou ſhalt find
It wants integrity,
And is not yet ſo thorow lin'd
With ſingle ey'd ſincerity,
As it ſhould be: ſome more humility
There wants to make it weight, and ſome more conſtancy.

7.

Whilſt windy vanity
Doth puff it up with pride,
And double fac'd hypocriſie
Doth many empty hollows hide,
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Wav'ring unſtaidneſs makes its reſolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my ſight
As currant coyn would paſs,

Muſt

Muſt not be the leaſt grain too light,
But as at firſt it ſtamped was.
Keep then thine heart till it be better grown,
And, when it is full, I'le take it for mine own.

9.

But if thou art aſham'd
To find thine heart ſo light,
And art afraid thou ſhalt be blam'd,
I'le teach thee how to ſet it right.
Add to my Law my Goſpel, and there ſee
My merits thine, and then the ſcales will equal be.

4. DE60

Embleme. 21.

CORDIS PROTECTIO

Dedisti eis scutum CORDIS laborem tuum. Thren. 3.

Ægide COR *ta mea lux defende laboris,*
Quem pro CORDE *tuus ferre coegit amor*

21 *Michel van Lochem excu*

The trying of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 3.

The Fining pot for Silver, and the Furnace for Gold: but the Lord trieth the Hearts.

Epigr. 21.

THine heart, my dear, more precious is then gold,
Or the moſt preci ns things that can be told:
Provide firſt that my pure fire have tri'd
Out all the droſs, and paſs it puriſi'd.

ODE. 21.

1.

What? take it at adventure, and not try
What metal it is made of? No, not I.
Should I now lightly let it paſs,
Take ſullen lead for ſilver, ſounding braſs
Inſtead of ſolid gold, alas,
What would become of it? In the great day
Of making jewels 't would be caſt away.

2.

The heart thou giv'ſt me muſt be ſuch a one,
As is the ſame throughout. I will have none
But that, which will abide the fire.
'Tis not a glitt'ring outſide I deſire,
Whoſe ſeeming ſhews do ſoon expire:
But real worth within, which neither droſie,
Nor baſe allayes, make ſubject unto loſs.

3.

If in the compoſition of thine heart

A ſtubborn ſteely wilfulneſs have part,
That will not bow and bend to me,
Save onely in a meer formality
Of tinſell-trim'd hypocriſie,
I care not for it, though it ſhew as fair,
As the firſt bluſh of the Sun-gilded air.

4.

The heart that in my furnace will not melt,
When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt
Turn liquid, and diſſolve in tears
Of true repentance for its faults, that hears
My threatning voyce, and never fears,
Is not an heart worth having. If it be
An heart of ſtone, 'tis not an heart for me.

5.

The heart, that caſt into my furnace ſpits,
And ſparkles in my face, falls into fits
Of diſcontented grudging, whines
When it is broken of its will, repines
At the leaſt ſuffering, declines
My fatherly correction, is an heart
On which I care not to beſtow mine art.

6.

The heart that in my flames aſunder flies,
Scatters it ſelf at random, and ſo lies
In heaps of aſhes here, and there,
Whoſe dry diſperſed parts will not draw neer,
To one another, and adhere
In a firm union, hath no metal in't
Fit to be ſtamp'd, and coyned in my mint.

7.

The heart, that vapours out it ſelf in ſmoak,
And with thoſe cloudy ſhadows thinks to cloak

Its

Its empty nakedneſs, how much
So ever thou eſteem'ſt it, is ſuch
As never will endure my touch.
Before I tak't for mine then I will trie
What kind of metal in thine heart doth lie.

8.

I'le bring it to my furnace, and there ſee
What it will prove, what it is like to be.
If it be Gold, it will be ſure
The hotteſt fire that can be to endure,
And I ſhall draw it out more pure.
Affliction may refine, but cannot waſt,
That heart wherein my love is fixed faſt.

4 DE60

Embleme 22.

CORDIS SCRVTINIVM

Prauum est COR omnium et inscrutabile:
Quis cognoscet illud? Ego! Dominus
scrutans COR et renes. *Ierem. 17. 9.*

Solus ego immensam CORDIS *perscrutor abyssum;*
Nautica quam potis est haud penetrare bolis.

22. *Michel van Sochem excu.*

The ſounding of the Heart.

JER. 17. 9.

The Heart is deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked. Who can know it? I the Lord?

Epigr. 22.

I, That alone am infinite, can try
How deep within it ſelf thine heart doth lie.
The Sea-mans plummet can but reach the ground:
I find that which thine heart it ſelf ne're found.

ODE. 22.

1.

A goodly heart to ſee to, fair and fat!
It may be ſo: and what of that?
Is it not hallow? Hath it not within
A bottomleſs whirl-pool of ſin?
Are there not ſecret creeks, and cranies there,
Turning, and winding corners, where
The heart it ſelf, ev'n from it ſelf may hide,
And lurk in ſecret uneſpi'd?
I'le none of it, if ſuch a one it prove:
Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?
'Tis not a work of Nature, Art
Cannot perform that taſk: 'tis I alone,
Not man, to whom mans heart is known.
Sound it thou mai'ſt, and muſt: but then the line

And

And plummet muſt be mine, not thine,
And I muſt guide it too, thine hand, and eye
May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,
That made thine heart at firſt, am better ſkil'd
To know when it is empty, when 'tis fil'd.

3.

Leſt then thou ſhould'ſt deceive thy ſelf, for me
Thou canſt not, I will let thee ſee
Some of thoſe depths of Satan, depths of hell,
Wherewith thine hollow heart doth ſwell.
Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind
Errour and ignorance I find,
Quick-ſands of rotten Superſtition
Spred over with miſpriſion.
Some things thou knoweſt not, miſknoweſt others,
And oft thy conſcience its own knowledge ſmothers.

4.

Thy crooked will, that ſeemingly enclines
To follow reaſon dictates, twines
Another way in ſecret, leaves its guide
And lags behind, or ſwarves aſide,
Crab-like creeps backward when it ſhould have made
Progreſs in good, is retrograde.
Whilſt it pretends a priviledge above
Reaſons prerogative, to move
As of it ſelf unmov'd, rude paſſions learn
To leave the Oar, and take in hand the Stern.

5.

The tides of thine affections ebb, and flow,
Riſe up aloft, fall down below,
Like to the ſuddain land-flouds, that advance
Their ſwelling waters but by chance.
Thy love, deſire, thy hope, delight, and fear,
Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet

Yet cunningly bear thee in hand they be
Only directed unto me,
Or moſt to me, and would no notice take
Of other things, but only for my ſake.

6.

Such ſtrange prodigious impoſtures lurk
In thy preſtigious heart, 'tis work
Enough for thee all thy life time to learn
How thou may'ſt truly it diſcern:
That, when upon mine altar thou doſt lay
Thine off'ring, thou may'ſt ſafely ſay,
And ſwear it is an heart: for, if it ſhould
Prove only an heart-caſe, it would
Nor pleaſing be to me, nor do thee good:
An heart's no heart, not rightly underſtood.

4 DE60

Embleme 23.

CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

Rectis CORDE Lætitia *Psal.96.11.*

Ad rectam, persæpe, mei. COR. Cordis, amussim,
Si rectum cupias, exige nata, tuum.

Michel nan Sochem excū 23

The levelling of the Heart,

PSAL. 97. 11.

Gladneſs to the upright in Heart.

Epigr. 23.

SEt thine heart upright, if thou would'ſt rejoyce,
And pleaſe thy ſelf in thine hearts pleaſing choice:
But then be ſure thy plum, and level be
Rightly appli'd to that which pleaſeth me.

ODE. 23.

1.

Nay, yet I have not done: one trial more
Thine heart muſt undergo, before
I will accept of it:
Unleſs I ſee
It upright be
I cannot think it fit
To be admitted in my ſight,
And to partake of mine eternal light.

2.

My Will's the rule of righteouſneſs, as free
From errour as uncertainty:
What I would have is juſt.
Thou muſt deſire
What I require,
And take it upon truſt:
If thou prefer thy will to mine,
The levels loſt, and thou go'ſt out of line.

3.

Do'ſt thou not ſee how thine heart turns aſide,

And

And leans toward thy ſelf? How wide
A diſtance there is here?
Untill I ſee
Both ſides agree
Alike with mine, 'tis cleer
The middle is not where't ſhould be,
Likes ſomething better, though it look at me.

4.

I, that know beſt how to diſpoſe of thee,
Would have thy portion poverty,
Leſt wealth ſhould make thee proud,
And me forget:
But thou haſt ſet
Thy voice to cry aloud
For riches, and unleſs I grant
All that thou wiſheſt, thou complain'ſt of want.

5.

I, to preſerve thine health, would have thee faſt
From Natures dainties, leſt at laſt
Thy ſenſes ſweet delight
Should end in ſmart:
But thy vain heart
Will have its appetite
Pleaſed to day, though grief, and ſorrow
Threaten to cancel all thy joyes to morrow.

6.

I, to prevent thy hurt by climing high,
Would have thee be content to lie
Quiet and ſafe below,
Where peace doth dwell;
But thou doſt ſwell
With vaſt deſires, as though
A little blaſt of vulgar breath
Were better then deliverance from death.

I,

7.

I, to procure thy happineſs, would have
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave:
But thou doſt merit plead,
And wilt have none
But of thine own,
Till Juſtice ſtrike thee dead.
And all thy crooked paths go croſs to mine.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 24.

CORDIS RENOVATIO.

Dabo uobis COR nouum, et ſpiritum nouum ponam in medio ueſtri. Ezech. 36. 26.

Ciui noua cuncta placent, vetus ô. COR. pone nouumq;.

Quod tibi pro veteri ſponſa repono cape.

24 *Michel van lochem exeu.*

The renewing of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 26.

A new Heart will I give you, and a new Spirit will I put within you.

Epigr. 24.

ARt thou delighted with ſtrange novelties,
which often prove but old freſh garniſht lies?
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:
Condemn thy ſelf, that ſo I may reprieve thee.

ODE. 24.

1.

No, no, I ſee
There is no remedy,
An heart, that wants both weight, and worth,
That's fill'd with naught but empty hollowneſs,
And ſcrew'd aſide with ſtubborn wilfulneſs,
Is onely fit to be caſt forth,
Nor to be given me
Nor kept by thee.

2.

Then let it go,
And if thou wilt beſtow
An acceptable heart on me,
I'le furniſh thee with one ſhall ſerve the turn
Both to be kept, and given: which will burn
With zeal, yet not conſumed be:
Nor with a ſcornful eye
Blaſt ſtanders by.

3.

The heart, that I
Will give thee, though it lie
Buri'd in seas of sorrows, yet
Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,
Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent
To grief, and tears the cheeks may wet,
Yet it exceeds their art
To hurt his heart.

4.

The heart I give,
Though it desire to live,
And bath it self in all content,
Yet will not toyle, or taint it self, with any:
Although it take a view, and tast of many,
It feeds on few, as though it meant
To break fast only here,
And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh,
And new: an heart of flesh,
Not, as thine old one was, of stone.
A livey sp'ritly heart, and moving still,
Active to what is good, but slow to ill:
An heart, that with a sigh, and grone
Can blast all worldly joyes,
As trifling toyes.

6.

This heart is sound,
And solid will be found;
'Tis not an empty ayrie flash,
That baits at Butterflies, and with full cry
Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.
It sleights, and scorns such paltry trash:

But for eternity
Dares live, or die.

7.

I know thy mind:
Thou seek'st content to find
In such things as are new, and strange.
Wander no further then: lay by thine old,
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold
To boast thy self of the exchange,
And say, that a new heart.
Exceeds all art.

Embleme 25.

CORDIS ILLVMINATIO.

Illuminabuntur CORDA uestra. Eccli. 2. 10.

Lux de luce Deus cæci lux unica mundi.
CORDE graues tenebras discute luce tua.

 Michel van Lochom excu.

The enlightening of the Heart.

PSAL. 34. 5.

They looked unto him, and were lightened.

Epigr. 25.

THou that art Light of lights, the onely ſight
Of the blind world, lend me thy ſaving light:
Diſperſe thoſe miſts, which in my ſoul have made
Darkneſs as deep as Hells eternal ſhade.

ODE. 25.

1.

Alas, that I
Could not before eſpie
The Soul confounding miſery
Of this, more then Egyptian dreadfull night!
To be deprived of the light,
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of ſight,
As mine have been, is ſuch a woe,
As he alone can know,
That feels it ſo.

2.

Darkneſs hath been
My God and me between
Like an opaeous doubled ſkreen,
Through which nor light, nor heat could paſſage find.
Groſs ignorance hath made my mind,
And underſtanding not bleer-ey'd, but blind;
My will to all that's good is cold,
Nor can I, though I would,
Do what I ſhould.

3. No

3.

No, now I see
There is no remedy
Left in my self: it cannot be
That blind men in the dark should find the way
To bleſſedneſs: although they may
Imagine the high midnight is noon-day,
As I have done till now, they'l know
At laſt unto their woe,
'Twas nothing ſo.

4.

Now I perceive
Preſumption doth bereave
Men of all hope of help, and leave
Them, as it finds them, drown'd in miſery:
Deſpairing of themſelves, to cry
For mercy is the onely remedy
That ſin-ſick ſouls can have; to pray
Againſt this darkneſs may
Turn it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,
Great Lord of light, let me
Direct my Prayer, that I may ſee.
Thou, that did'ſt make mine eyes, canſt ſoon reſtore
That pow'r of ſight they had before,
And, if thou ſeeſt it good, canſt give them more.
The night will quickly ſhine like day,
If thou do but diſplay,
One glorious ray.

6.

I muſt confeſs,
And I can do no leſs

Then

Thou art the Sun of righteouſneſs:
There's healing in thy wings: thy light is life;
My darkneſs death. To end all ſtrife,
Be thou mine husband, let me be thy wife.
Though light, and life divine,
Will all be mine.

4 DE60

C 3 Emb

Embleme 26.

CORDIS TABVLA LEGES.

Dabo legem meam in uiſcẽbus eorum, et in CORDE eorum ſcribam eam *Jerem. 31 33.*

Scribo nouam teneri nunc CORDIS *in æquore legem,*
Cum vetus in duris ſit mihi ſcripta petris.

26 *Michel uan Lochem excũ*

The Table of the Heart.

JER. 31.33.

I will put my Law in their inward parts, and write it in their Hearts.

Epigr. 26.

IN the ſoft table of thine heart I'le write
A new Law, which I will newly indite.
Hard ſtony Tables did contain the old:
But tender leaves of fleſh ſhall this infold.

ODE. 26.

1.

What will thy ſight
Avail thee, or my light,
If there be nothing in mine heart to ſee
Acceptable to me?
A ſelf-writ heart will not
Pleaſe me, or do thee any good, I wot,
The paper muſt be thine,
The writing mine.

2.

What I indite
'Tis I alone can write,
And write in Books that I my ſelf have made.
'Tis not an eaſie trade
To read or write, in hearts:
They that are ſkilfull in all other arts,
When they take this in hand,
Are at a ſtand.

3.

My Law of old
Tables of ſtone did hold,
Wherein I writ what I before had ſpoken,
Yet were they quickly broken:
A ſign the Covenant
Contain'd in them, would due obſervance want.
Nor did they long remain
Copy'd again.

4.

But now I'le try
What force in fleſh doth lie:
Whether thine heart renew'd, afford a place
Fit for my Law of grace.
This Covenant is better
Then that, though glorious, of the killing letter.
This gives life, not by merit,
But by my ſpirit.

5.

When in mens hearts,
And their moſt inward parts,
I by my Spirit write my Law of love,
They then begin to move,
Not by themſelves, but me,
And their obedience is their liberty.
There are no ſlaves, but thoſe
That ſerve their foes.

6.

When I have writ
My Covenant in it,
View thine heart by my light, and thou ſhalt ſee
A preſent, fit for me.
The worth for which I look,

Lies

Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th'book.
Course paper may be lin'd
With words refin'd.

7.

And such are mine.
No furnace can refine
The choicest silver so to make it pure,
As my Law put in ure
Purgeth the hearts of men:
Which being rul'd, and written with my Pen,
My Spirit, ev'ry letter
Will make them better.

4 DE60

Emblema 27.

ARATIO CORDIS.

Conuertar ad vos, et arabimini, et accipietis sementem. Ezech. 36. 9.

CORDIS agrum. Crucis ita tuę prosindat aratrum.
Cui verbi inspergas semina, Sponse. tui.

Michel uan Sothem excū

2.7

The Tilling of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 9.

I will turn unto you, and ye ſhall be Tilled, and Sowne.

Epigr. 27.

MIne heart's a field, thy croſs a plow: be pleas'd
Dear Spouſe to till it, till the mould be raiſ'd
Fit for the Seeding of thy word: then ſow,
And if thou ſhine upon it, it will grow.

ODE. 27.

1.

So now me thinks I find
Some better vigour in my mind,
My will begins to move,
And mine affections ſtir towards things above:
Mine heart grows big with hope, it is a field,
That ſome good fruit may yield,
If it were till'd, as it ſhould be,
Not by my ſelf, but thee.

2.

Great Huſband-man, whoſe pow'r
All difficulties can devour,
And do what likes thee beſt,
Let not thy field, mine heart, lie lay, and reſt,
Leſt it be over-run with noyſome weeds,
That ſpring of their own ſeeds:
Unleſs thy grace the growth ſhould ſtop,
Sin would be all my crop.

3. Brea

3.

Break up my fallow ground,
That there may not a clod be found
To hide one root of ſin.
Apply thy plow betime: now, now begin
To furrow up my ſtiff, and ſtarvy heart,
No matter for the ſmart,
Although it roar, when it is rent,
Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,
Showers of repentant tears muſt ſteep
The mould to make it ſoft:
It muſt be ſtir'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.
Let it have all its ſeaſons. O impart
The beſt of all thine art.
For, of it ſelf it is ſo tough,
All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will
To teach me, let me learn the ſkill
My ſelf to plow mine heart:
The profit will be mine, and 'tis my part
To take the pains, and labour though th' encreaſe
Without thy bleſſing ceaſe:
If fit for nothing elſe, yet thou
May'ſt make me draw thy Plow.

6.

Which of thy Plows thou wilt,
For thou haſt more then one. My guilt,
Thy wrath, thy rods, are all
Plows fit to tear mine heart to pieces ſmall:
And, when in theſe it apprehends thee neer,

'Tis

'Tis furrowed with fear:
Each weed turn'd under, hides its head,
And ſhews as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy bleſſed paſſion
Is a Plow of another faſhion,
Better then all the reſt.
Oh faſten me to that, and let the beſt
Of all my powers ſtrive to draw it in,
And leave no room for ſin.
The vertue of thy death can make
Sin its faſt hold forſake.

4 DE60

Embleme 28.

SEMINATIO IN COR.

Verbum seminatum est in CORDE. *Matth. 13.*

Semina iam terræ manda, diuine colone.
Ne nostri sterilis sit tibi CORDIS ager.

28. *Michel van Lochem excu*

The Seeding of the Heart.

LUKE 8. 15.

That on the good ground are they, which with an honeſt, and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

Epigr. 28.

LEſt the field of mine heart ſhould unto thee,
Great Husband-man that mad'ſt it, barren be,
Manure the ground, then come thy ſelf and ſeed it;
And let thy ſervants water it, and weed it.

ODE. 28.

1.

Nay, bleſſed Lord,
Unleſs thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy fiel'd,
It will not yield
That fruit which thou expecteſt it ſhould bear:
The ground I fear
Will ſtill remain
Barren of what is good: and all the grain
It will bring forth,
As of its own accord, will not be worth
The pains of gathering
So poor a thing.

2.

Some faint deſire,

That

That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canſt expect.
If thou neglect
To ſow it now 'tis ready, thou ſhalt find
That it will blind,
And harder grow
Then at the firſt it was. Thou muſt beſtow
Some further coſt,
Elſe all thy former labour will be loſt.
Mine heart no corn will breed
Without thy ſeed.

3.

Thy Word is ſeed,
And manure too: will feed,
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,
It would come on apace: O then neglect
No time: expect
No better ſeaſon;
Now, now thy field mine heart is ready: reaſon
Surrenders now,
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,
And mine affections are
Tamer by far.

4.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to thee,
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence:
That when I come
At harveſt to be reaped, and brought home;
Thine Angels may

My

My soul in thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy, and bliss
Eternal is.

5.

If, to intreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to bear,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take
What thou do'st make,
And not disdain
To house me, though amongst thy courseſt grain,
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.

4 DE60

Embleme 29.

CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Rigabo hortum meum Plantationum. Ca. 24. 12.

Telluri clausum cœlo patet: implue rorem,
CORDIS ab hoc vario flore vireſcet humus.

29. *Michel van Lochom excudit*

The watering of the Heart,

ISA. 27. 3.

I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every moment.

Epit. 29.

Close downwards tow'rds the earth, open above
Tow'rds heaven mine heart is. O let thy love
Distill in fructifying dews of grace,
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

ODE. 29.

1.

See how this dry, and thirsty land,
Mine heart doth gaping gasping stand,
And close below opens towards heav'n, and thee.
Thou Fountain of felicity,
Great Lord of living waters, water me:
Let not my breath that paints with pain,
Waste, and consume it self in vain.

2.

The mists, that from the earth do rise,
An heav'n-born heart will not suffice:
Cool it without they may, but cannot quench
The scalding heat within, nor drench
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.
Nothing, but what comes from on high,
Can heav'n bred longings satisfie.

3.

See how the Seed, which thou did'st sow

Lie

Lies parch'd, and wither'd, will not grow
Without ſome moiſture, and mine heart hath none,
That it can truly call its own,
By nature of it ſelf, more then a ſtone:
Unleſs thou water't, it will lie
Drowned in duſt, and ſtill be dry.

4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,
Whilſt want of water doth deprive
Their roots of Nouriſhment: which makes them call,
And cry to thee, great All in All,
The ſeaſonable ſhow'rs of grace may fall,
And water them: thy Word will do't,
If thou vouchſafe thy bleſſing to't.

5.

O then be pleaſed to unſeal
Thy fountain, bleſſed Saviour, deal
Some drops at leaſt, wherewith my drooping ſpirits
May be revived. Lord, thy merits
Yield more refreſhing then the world inherits:
Rivers, yea Seas, but ditches are,
If with thy ſprings we them compare.

6.

If not full ſhow'rs of rain, yet Lord,
A little pearly dew afford,
Begot by thy celeſtial influence
On ſome chaſt vapour, raiſed hence
To be partaker of thine excellence:
A little, if it come from thee,
Will be of great avail to me.

7.

Thou boundleſs Ocean of grace,
Let thy free ſpirit have a place
Within mine heart: full rivers then I know

Of living waters forth will flow,
And all thy plants, thy fruits, and flow'rs will grow.
Whilst thy Springs, their roots do nourish,
They must needs be fat, and flourish.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 30.

CORIS FLORES.

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum suum. ut lilia colligat. *Cant. 6. 1.*

Hæc tibi. nata tuo de semine. consecro. sponse.
Lilia. et his patrium floribus addo solum.

30 *Michel van Lochem excu.*

The Flowers of the Heart.

CANT. 6. 2.

My beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to gather Lillies.

Epige. 30.

These Lillies I do consecrate to thee,
Beloved Spouse, which spring as thou mai'st see,
Out of the seed thou sowedst, and the ground
Is bettered by thy Flow'rs, when they abound.

ODE. 30.

1.

Is there a joy like this?
What can augment my bliss?
If my beloved will accept
A posie of these flowers kept,
And consecrated unto his content,
I hope hereafter he will not repent
The cost, and pains he hath bestow'd
So freely upon me, that ow'd
Him all I had before,
And infinitely more.

2.

Nay, try them blessed Lord,
Take them not on my word,
But let the colour, tast, and smell,
The truth of their perfections tell.
Thou that art infinite in wisdom see,

If

If they be not the ſame that came from thee.
If any difference be found,
It is occaſion'd by the ground,
Which yet I cannot ſee
So good as it ſhould be.

3.

What ſay'ſt thou to that Roſe,
That Queen of flowers, whoſe
Maiden bluſhes, freſh, and fair,
Out-brave the dainty morning air?
Doſt thou not in thoſe lovely leaves eſpy
The perfect picture of that modeſty,
That ſelf-condemning ſhamefaſtneſs,
That is more ready to confeſs
A fault, and to amend,
Then it is to offend?

4.

Is not this Lilly pure?
What Fuller can procure
A white ſo perfect, ſpotleſs, clear,
As in this flower doth appear?
Doſt thou not in this milky colour ſee
The lively luſtre of ſincerity,
Which no hypocriſie hath painted,
Nor ſelf-reſpecting ends have tainted?
Can there be to thy ſight
A more entire delight?

5.

Or wilt thou have beſide
Violets purple-di'd?
The Sun-obſerving Marigold,
Or Orpin never waxing old,
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, Gilliflow'r, or Pinke,
Or any flow'r, or Herb, that I can think

Thou

Thou haſt a mind unto? I ſhall
Quickly be furniſht with them all,
If once I do but know
That thou wilt have it ſo.

6.

Faith is a fruitful grace,
Well planted ſtores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs
With wholeſome herbs, and pleaſant flow'rs.
Great Gardiner, thou ſaiſt, and I believe:
What thou doſt mean to gather, thou wilt give.
Take then mine heart in hand to fill't,
And it ſhall yield thee what thou wilt.
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt ſtill increaſe my ſtore.

4 DE60

Embleme 31.

CORDIS CVSTODIA.

Omni custodia ſerua COR tuum. *Prou. 4. 23.*

Quam bene concluſum vigil hic COR *protegit hortum,*
Proſtricto munit quem timor eſſe Dei.

The keeping of the Heart.

PROV. 4. 23.

Keep thy Heart with all diligence.

Epig. 31.

Like to a garden, that is closed round,
That heart is safely kept, which still is found
Compast with care, and guarded with the fear
Of God, as with a flaming sword, and spear.

ODE. 31.

The Soul. 1.

Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermine spoil
The fruit of all thy toyl,
Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus:
And for an overplus
Of spite, and malice overthrow thy mounds,
Lay common all thy grounds?
Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

Christ. 2.

What is the matter? why do'st thou complain?
Must I as well maintain,
And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take
No pains for thine own sake?
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy fear thee,
When there's no danger near thee?
Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me,
What enemy or can, or dares to quell thee?

The Soul. 3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,
That ſeek, with one accord,
To work my ſpeedy ruine, and make haſte
To lay thy garden waſte.
The devil is a ramping roaring Lion,
Hates at his heart thy Zion,
And never gives it reſpite day, nor hour,
But ſtill goes ſeeking whom he may devour.

4.

The world's a wilderneſs, wherein I find
Wild beaſts of ev'ry kind,
Foxes, and Wolves, and Dogs, and Boars, and Bears;
And which augments my fears,
Eagles and Vultures, and ſuch birds of prey,
Will not be kept away:
Beſides the light-abhorring Owls, and Bats,
And ſecret corner-creeping Mice and Rats.

5.

But theſe, and many more would not diſmay
Me much, unleſs there lay
One worſe then all within, my ſelf I mean,
My falſe, unjuſt, unclean,
Faithleſs, diſloyal ſelf, that both entice,
And entertain each vice.
This homebred traiterous partaking's worſe,
Then all the violence of forain force.

6.

Lord, thou maiſt ſee my fears are grounded, riſe
Not from a bare ſurmiſe,
Or doubt of danger only, my deſires
Are but what need requires,
Of thy divine protection, and defence
To keep theſe vermine hence:

Which

Which, if they ſhould not be reſtrain'd by thee,
Would grow to ſtrong to be kept out by me.

Chriſt. 7.

Thy fear is juſt, and I approve thy care.
But yet thy comforts are
Provided for, ev'n in that care, and fear:
Whereby it doth appear
Thou haſt what thou deſireſt, my protection
To keep thee from defection.
The heart that cares, and fears, is kept by me.
I watch thee, whilſt thy foes are watch'd by thee.

4 DE60

Embleme 32.

CORDIS VIGILIA.

Ego dormio, et COR meum uigilat. Cant. 5.

Te vigil exquirit COR. dum ſoper occupat artus.
Nec ſine te noctu nec potis eſſe die.

Michel uan Iochem excu

32

The watching of the Heart.

CANT. 5. 2.

I ſleep, but my Heart waketh.

Epigr. 32.

WHilſt the ſoft hands of ſleep tie up my ſences,
My watchful heart, free from all ſuch pretences,
Searches for thee, enquires of all about thee,
Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

ODE. 32.

1.

It muſt be ſo: that God that gave
Me ſenſes, and a mind, would have
Me uſe them both, but in their ſeveral kinds.
Sleep muſt refreſh my ſenſes, but my mind's
A ſparkle of heav'nly fire, that feeds
On action, and employment, needs
No time of reſt: for, when it thinks to pleaſe
It ſelf with idleneſs, 'tis leaſt at eaſe.
Though quiet reſt refreſh the head,
The heart that ſtirs not ſure is dead.

2.

Whilſt then my body eaſe doth take,
My reſt refuſing heart ſhall wake:
And that mine heart the better watch may keep,
I'le lay my ſenſes for a time to ſleep.
Wanton deſires ſhall not entice,
Nor luſt enveigle them to vice:
No fading colours ſhall allure my ſight,

Nor ſounds enchant mine ears with their delight:
I'le bind my ſmell, my touch, my taſt,
To keep a ſtrict religious faſt.

3.

My worldly buſineſs ſhall lie ſtill,
That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill:
My *Martha's* cumb'ring cares ſhall ceaſe their noiſe,
That *Mary* may attend her better choice.
That meditation may advance
Mine heart on purpoſe, not by chance,
My body ſhall keep holy day, that ſo
My mind with better liberty may go
About her buſineſs, and ingroſs
That gain, which worldly men count loſs.

4.

And though my ſenſes ſleep the while,
My mind my ſenſes ſhall beguile
With dreams of thee, dear Lord, whoſe rare perfections
Of excellence are ſuch, that bare inſpections
Cannot ſuffice my greedy ſoul,
Nor her fierce appetite controul,
But that the more ſhe looks, the more ſhe longs,
And ſtrives to thruſt into the thickeſt throngs
Of thoſe divine diſcoveries,
Which dazell even Angels eyes.

5.

Oh could I lay aſide this fleſh,
And follow after thee with freſh
And free deſires, my diſentangled ſoul,
Raviſht with admiration, ſhould roule
It ſelf, and all its thoughts on thee,
And by believing ſtrive to ſee,
What is inviſible to fleſh and blood,
And only by fruition underſtood,

The

The beauty of each ſev'ral grace,
That ſhines in thy Sun-ſhining face.

6.

But what I can do that I will,
Waking and ſleeping, ſeek thee ſtill:
I'le leave no place unpri'd into behind me,
Where I can but imagine I may find thee:
I'le aſk of all I meet, if they
Can tell thee where thou art, which way
Thou go'ſt, that I may follow after thee,
Which way thou com'ſt, that thou mai'ſt meet with me.
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart
Behold with *Moſes* thy back part.

4 DE60

Embleme 33.

CORDIS VVLNERATIO.

Tetendit arcum ſuum et poſuit me quaſi ſignum ad ſagittam. *Thren. 3. 12.*

Mille cor hoc validis, mea lux, transfige ſagittis.
Pharmaca ſunt tua quę vulnera dextra facit:

Michel van Lochem excu

33

The wounding of the Heart.

LAM. 3. 12.

He hath bent his bow, and ſet me as a Mark for the Arrow.

Epigr. 33.

A Thouſand of thy ſtrongeſt ſhafts, my light,
Draw up againſt this heart with all thy might,
And ſtrike it through: They, that in need do ſtand
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

ODE. 33.

1.

Nay, ſpare me not dear Lord, it cannot be
They ſhould be hurt, that wounded are by thee.
Thy ſhafts will heal the hearts they hit,
And to each ſore its ſalve will fit.
All hearts by Nature are both ſick, and ſore,
And mine as much as any elſe, or more:
There is no place that's free from ſin,
Neither without it, nor within,
And univerſal maladies do crave
Variety of medicines to have.

2.

Firſt, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,
Whoſe light outvieth the ſtar-ſpangled ſkie,
Strike through the darkneſs of my mind,
And leave no cloudy miſt behind.
Let thy reſplendent rays of knowledge dart
Bring beams of underſtanding to mine heart,

To

To my ſin-ſhadow'd heart, wherein
Black ignorance did firſt begin
To blur thy beauteous Image, and deface
The glory of thy ſelf-ſufficing grace.

3.

Next let the ſhaft of thy ſharp-pointed pow'r
Diſcharged by that ſtrength that can devour
All difficulties, and encline
Stout oppoſition to reſign
Its ſteely ſtubbornneſs, ſubdue my will,
Make it hereafter ready to fulfill
Thy royal Law of righteouſneſs,
As gladly, as I muſt confeſs
It hath fulfilled heretofore th' unjuſt,
Prophane, and cruel Laws of its own luſt.

4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave
The boſome of thy Father, and bereave
Thy ſelf of thy tranſcendent glory,
Matter for an eternal ſtory,
Strike through mine affections all together,
And let that Sun-ſhine cleer the cloudy weather,
Wherein they wander without guide,
Or order, as the wind, and tide
Of floting vanities tranſport, and toſs them,
Till ſelf-begotten troubles curb and croſs them.

5.

Lord, empty all thy Quivers, let there be
No corner of my ſpacious heart left free,
Till all be but one wound, wherein
No ſubtil ſight-abhorring ſin
May lurk in ſecret uneſpi'd by me,
Or reign in power unſubdu'd by thee.
Perfect thy purchas'd victory,

That

That thou mai'ſt ride triumphantly,
And leading captive all captivity
Mai'ſt put an end to enmity in me.

6

Then, bleſſed Archer, in requital I
To ſhoot thine arrows back again will try.
By pray'rs, and praiſes, ſighs, and ſobs,
By vows, and tears, by groans, and throbs,
I'le ſee if I can pierce, and wound thine heart,
And vanquiſh thee again by thine own art.
Or, that we may at once provide
For all miſhaps that may betide,
Shoot thou thy ſelf, thou poliſht ſhaft, to me,
And I will ſhoot my broken heart to thee.

4 DE60

Embleme 34.

CORDIS INHABITATIO.

Misit Deus spiritum filii sui in CORDA nostra. . . Galat. 4. 6.

Spiritus, ô mea lux, CORDIS tui mi incolat ædem.
Sponse, vt amore tuo mi redameris, amans.

Michel van Lochem excu.

34

The inhabiting of the Heart.

GAL. 4. 6.

God hath ſent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts.

Epigr. 34.

MIne heart's an houſe, my light, and thou canſt tell
There's room enough, O let thy Spirit dwell
For ever there: that ſo thou mai'ſt love me,
And being lov'd I may again love thee.

ODE. 34.

1.

Welcome, great gueſt, this houſe, mine heart,
Shall all be thine:
I will reſign
Mine intereſt in ev'ry part:
Onely be pleas'd to uſe it as thine own
For ever, and inhabite it alone:
There's room enough, and if the furniture
Were anſwerably fitted, I am ſure
Thou would'ſt be well content to ſtay,
And by thy light
Poſſeſs my ſight
With ſenſe of an eternal day.

2.

It is thy building, Lord, 'twas made
At thy command,
And ſtill doth ſtand
Upheld, and ſhelter'd by the ſhade

of

Of thy protecting providence: though ſuch
As is decaied, and impaired much,
Since the removal of thy reſidence,
When with thy grace, glory departed hence,
It hath been all this while an Inn
To entertain
The vile, and vain,
And wicked companies of ſin.

3.

Although't be but an houſe of clay,
Fram'd out of duſt,
And ſuch as muſt
Diſſolved be, yet it was gay,
And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place
Was furniſhed, and fitted with thy grace:
When in the Preſence-chamber of my mind,
The bright Sun-beams of perfect knowledge ſhin'd:
When my will was thy Bed-chamber,
And ev'ry Pow'r
A ſtately Tow'r
Sweetned with thy Spirits amber.

4.

But whilſt thou do'ſt thy ſelf abſent,
It is not grown
Noyſome alone,
But all to pieces torn, and rent.
The windows all are ſtopt, or broken ſo,
That no light without wind can thorow go.
The roof's uncovered, and the wall's decai'd,
The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlai'd,
Yea, the foundation rotten is,
And ev'ry where
It doth appear
All that remains is far amiſs,

5. But

5.

But if thou wilt return again,
And dwell in me,
Lord, thou ſhalt ſee
What care I'le take to entertain
Thee, though not like thy ſelf, yet in ſuch ſort,
As thou wilt like, and I ſhall thank thee for't.
Lord, let thy bleſſed Spirit keep poſſeſſion
And all things will be well; at leaſt confeſſion
Shall tell thee what's amiſs in me,
And then thou ſhalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on thee.

4 DE60

Embleme 35.

CORDIS DILATATIO.

Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri, cum dilatasti COR meum *Psal* 118. 32.

Quam volupe est quod amare prius COR *duxit amarum.*
Angustam lato currere CORDE *viam!*
Michel van Lochem excu

35

The enlarging of the Heart.

PSAL. 119. 32.

I will run the way of thy Commandements, when thou ſhalt enlarge my Heart.

Epigr. 35.

How pleaſant is that now, which heretofore
Mine heart held bitter, ſacred learnings lore?
Enlarged hearts enter with greateſt eaſe
The ſtraiteſt paths, and run the narroweſt ways.

ODE. 35.

1.

What a bleſſed change I find,
Since I entertain'd this gueſt!
Now me thinks another mind
Moves and rules within my breſt.
Surely I am not the ſame,
That I was before he came,
But I then was much too blame.

2.

When before my God commanded
Any thing he would have done,
I was cloſe, and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begun.
If he thought it fit to lay
Judgements on me, I could ſay
They are good, but ſhrink away.

3.

All the ways of righteouſneſs

I did think were full of trouble,
I complain'd of tediousnes,
And each duty seemed double.
Whilst I serv'd him but of fear,
Ev'ry minute did appear
Longer far then a whole year.

4.

Strictnes in Religion seemed
Like a pined pinion'd thing:
Bolts, and Fetters I esteemed
More beseeming for a King,
Then for me to bow my neck,
And be at anothers beck,
When I felt my conscience check.

5.

But the case is alter'd now:
He no sooner turns his eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie:
Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to say,
Not to morrow, but to day.

6.

What he wills I say I must:
What I must I say I will:
He commanding, it is just
What he would I should fulfill.
Whilst he biddeth I believe
What he calls for he will give.
To obey him is to live.

7.

His Command'ments grievous are not
Longer then men think them so:

Though

Though he ſend me forth I care not,
Whilſt he gives me ſtrength to goe.
When, or whither, all is one,
On his bus'neſs, not mine own,
I ſhall never go alone.

8.

If I be compleat in him,
And in him all fulneſs dwelleth.
I am ſure aloft to ſwim,
Whilſt that Ocean overſwelleth,
Having him that's All in All,
I am confident I ſhall
Nothing want, for which I call.

4. DE60

Embleme 36.

CORDIS INFLAMMATIO.

Concaluit COR meum intra me, et in meditatione mea exardescet ignis *Psal. 38. 4.*

Perge Amor et succende mei penetralia CORDIS:
Vivat vt in patrio, ceu Salamandra, rogo.

36 *Michel van Loehem excu*

The Inflaming of the Heart.

PSAL. 39. 3.

My heart was hot within me: while I was muſing the fire burned.

Epigr. 36.

SPare not, my love, to kindle, and enflame
Mine heart within throughout, until the ſame
Break forth, and burn: that ſo, thy Salamander,
Mine heart may never from thy furnace wander.

ODE. 36.

I.

Welcome, holy, heavenly fire,
Kindled by immortal love:
Which deſcending from above,
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,
And give place
To that grace,
Which with gentle violence
Conquers all corrupt affections,
Rebell Natures inſurrections,
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,
Warmeth not without alone;
Though it be an heart of ſtone,
Of it ſelf congeal'd in ſin,
Hard as ſteel,
If it feel

Thy

Thy diſſolving pow'r, it groweth
Soft as wax, and quickly takes
Any print thy Spirit makes,
Paying what thou ſai'ſt it oweth.

3.

Of it ſelf mine heart is dark,
But thy fire by ſhining bright,
Fills it full of ſaving light
Though't be but a little ſpark
Lent by thee,
I ſhall ſee
More by it, then all the light,
Which in fulleſt meaſures ſtreams
From corrupted Natures beams,
Can diſcover to my ſight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice, and ſnow,
To the things which thou haſt choſen,
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,
Yet thy fire will make it glow.
Though it burns,
When it turns
Tow'rds the things which thou do'ſt hate:
Yet thy bleſſed warmth, no doubt,
Will that wild-fire ſoon draw out,
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, uſing
Always either to aſcend
To its native heav'n, or lend
Heat to others: and diffuſing
Of its ſtore
Gathers more,
Never ceaſing till it make

All things like it ſelf, and longing
To ſee others come with thronging
Of thy goodneſs to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire enflame
My cold heart ſo throughly,
That the heat may never die,
But continue ſtill the ſame:
That I may
Ev'ry day
More, and more, conſuming ſin,
Kindling others, and attending
All occaſions of aſcending,
Heaven upon earth begin.

4 DE60

Embleme 37.

CORDIS SCALÆ.

Ascensiones in CORDE suo disposuit. *Psal.* 83. 6.

Vin scalis, dilecta, poli conscendere sedes.
Hic prius in proprio construe CORDE *gradus.*

Michel van Lochem excu. 77

The Ladder of the Heart.

PSAL. 84. 5.

In whoſe heart are the ways of them.

Epigr. 37.

WOuld'ſt thou, my love, a Ladder have, whereby
Thou mai'ſt climb heaven to ſit down on high?
In thine own heart then frame thee ſteps, and bend
Thy mind to muſe how thou mai'ſt there aſcend.

ODE. 25.

The Soul.

1.

What?
Shall I
Always lie
Grov'ling on earth,
Where there is no mirth?
Why ſhould I not aſcend,
And climb up, where I may mend
My mean eſtate of miſery?
Happineſs I know's exceeding high:
Yet ſure there is ſome remedy for that.

Chriſt.

2.

True,
There is.
Perfect bliſs,
May be had above:
But he, that will obtain
Such a gold-exceeding gain,
Muſt never think to reach the ſame,
And ſcale hea'vens walls, until he frame
A ladder in his heart as near as new.

The Soul.

3.
Lord,
I will:
But the skill
Is not mine own:
Such an art's not known,
Unless thou wilt it teach:
It is far above the reach
Of mortal minds to understand.
But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,
I will endeavour to obey thy Word.

Christ.

4.
Well
Then, see
That thou be
As ready prest
To perform the rest,
As now to promise fair,
And I'le teach thee how to rear
A scaling-ladder in thine heart
To mount heaven with: no rules of art,
But I alone, can the composure tell.

5.
First,
Thou must
Take on trust
All that I say,
Reason must not sway
Thy judgement cross to mine,
But her Scepter quite resign.
Faith must be both thy ladder sides,
Which will stay thy steps what e're betides,
And satisfie thine hunger, and thy thirst.

6. Then

6.

Then,
The round
Next the ground,
Which I muſt ſee;
Is Humility:
From which thou muſt aſcend,
And with perſeverance end.
Vertue to vertue, grace to grace,
Muſt each orderly ſucceed in's place,
And when thou haſt done all begin again.

4 DE60

Embleme 38.

CORDIS VOLATVS.

Quæ ſurſum ſunt quærite, quæ ſurſum ſunt ſapite. Colloſſ. 3.1.

Quis mihi Chaonij geminas dabit alitis alas,
Pertæſum terrę queis COR *ad aſtra volet?*

Michel uan lochem excũ

38

The Flying of the Heart,

ISA. 60. 5.

Who are these that fly as a Cloud, and as the Doves to their Windows?

Epigr. 38.

OH that mine heart had wings like to a Dove,
That I might quickly hasten hence, and move
With speedy flight tow'rds the celestial spheares,
As wary of this world, it's faults, and fears!

ODE. 38.

1.

This way, though pleasant, yet me thinks is long:
Step after step, makes little haste,
And I am not so strong
As still to last
Among
So great
So many lets:
Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat
My toyling soul both fumes and frets,
As though she were inclin'd to a retreat.

2.

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready still to slip:
Which makes me often stay,
When I should trip
Away.
My fears

And faults, are ſuch,
As challenge all my tears
So juſtly, that it were not much,
If I in weeping ſhould ſpend all my years.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,
And greedy of a place above,
On which I may beſtow,
My choiceſt love,
And ſo
Obtain
That favour, which
Excells all worldly gain,
And maketh the poſſeſſour rich,
In happineſs of a tranſcendent ſtrain.

4.

What? muſt I ſtill be rooted here below,
And riveted unto the ground,
Wherein mine haſte to grow
Will be though ſound,
But ſlow?
I know
The Sun exhales
Groſs vapours from below,
Which, ſcorning as it were the Vales,
On mountain-topping clouds themſelves beſtow.

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is ſlow to move,
Makes poor proceedings at the beſt,
As though it did not love,
Nor long for reſt
Above.
Mine eyes
Can upward look,

As

As though they did despise
All things on earth, and could not brook
Their presence: but mine heart is slow to rise.

6.

Oh that it were once winged like the Dove,
That in a moment mounts on high,
Then should it soon remove,
Where it may lye
In love.
And loe,
This one desire
Me thinks hath imp'd it so,
That it already flies like fire,
And ev'n my verses into wings do grow.

4 DE60

H 5 Emb

Emblema 39.

CORDIS VNIO.

Dabo eis COR unum. Ezech. 11. 19.

Vnanimes animę concordia viuite CORDA.
vnum quęis velle, & nolle dat vnus amor

39 *Michel van Lochom excū*

The Union of the Heart.

EZEK. 11. 19.

I will give them one Heart.

Epigr. 39.

Like minded minds, hearts alike heartily
Affected will together live, and die:
Many things meet, and part: but loves great gable
Tying two hearts, makes them inſeparable.

ODE. 39.

The Soul. 1.

All this is not enough: methinks I grow
More greedy by fruition: what I get
Serves but to ſet
An edge upon mine appetite,
And all thy gifts do but invite
My pray'rs for more.
Lord, if thou wilt not ſtill encreaſe my ſtore,
Why did'ſt thou any thing at all beſtow?

Chriſt. 2.

And is't the fruit of having, ſtill to crave?
Then let thine heart united be to mine,
And mine to thine
In a firm union, whereby
We may no more be thou, and I,
Or, I, and thou,
But both the ſame: and then I will avow,
Thou canſt not want what thou doſt wiſh to have.

The

The Soul. 3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me,
But how to get my ſtubborn heart to twine,
And cloſe with thine,
I do not know, nor can I gueſs
How I ſhould ever learn, unleſs
Thou wilt direct
The courſe that I muſt take to that effect.
'Tis thou, not I, muſt knit mine heart to thee.

Chriſt. 4.

'Tis true, and ſo I will: but yet thou muſt
Do ſomething tow'rds it too: Firſt, thou muſt lay
All ſin away,
And ſeparate from that, which would
Our meeting intercept, and hold
Us diſtant ſtill:
I am all goodneſs, and can cloſe with ill
No more, then richeſt Diamonds with duſt.

5.

Then thou muſt not count any earthly thing
How ever gay, and glorioufly ſet forth,
Of any worth,
Compar'd with me, that am alone
Th' eternal, high, and holy One:
But place thy love
Onely on me, and the things above:
Which true content, and endleſs comfort bring.

6.

Love is the loadſtone of the heart, the glew,
The cement, and the ſoder, which alone
Unites in one
Things that before were not the ſame,
But only like, imparts the name,
And nature too

Of

Of each to th' other: nothing can undo
The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

7.

But if indeed, and truth thou loveſt me,
And not in word alone, then I ſhall find
That thou doſt mind
The things I mind, and regulate
All thine affections, love, and hate,
Delight, deſire,
Fear, and the reſt, by what I do require,
And I in thee my ſelf ſhall always ſee.

4 DE60

Emblema 40.

CORDIS QVIES.

Conuertere, anima mea, in requiem tuam. Pſal. 114. 7.

Mobile COR *nulla potis ert requieſcere ſede.*
Vnus ei Centrum nam Deus vna quies.

The Rest of the Heart.

PSAL. 116. 7.

Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul.

Epigr. 40.

My busie, stirring heart, that seeks the best,
Can find no place on earth wherein to rest:
For God alone, the Author of its blis,
Its only rest, its onely center is.

ODE. 40.

1.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vain,
Experience tells me plain
I should deceived be,
If ever I again should trust in thee.
My weary heart hath ransackt all
Thy treasuries both great, and small,
And thy large inventory bears in mind:
Yet could it never find
One place wherein to rest,
Though it hath often tried all the best.

2.

Thy profits brought me loss in stead of gain,
And all thy pleasures pain:
Thine honours blur'd my name
With the deep stains of self-confounding shame.
Thy wisdome made me turn stark fool,
And all the learning, that thy school
Afforded me, was not enough to make

Me

Me know my ſelf, and take
Care of my better part,
Which ſhould have periſhed for all thine heart.

3.

Not that there is not place of reſt in thee
For others: but for me
There is, there can be, none:
That God, that made mine heart, is he alone,
That of himſelf both can, and will,
Give reſt unto my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content, and quietneſs,
That ſo I may poſſeſs
My ſoul in patience,
Until he find it time to call me hence.

4.

On thee then, as a ſure foundation,
A tried corner-ſtone,
Lord, I will ſtrive to raiſe
The tow'r of my ſalvation, and thy praiſe.
In thee, as in my center, ſhall
The lines of all my longings fall.
To thee, as to mine anchor, ſurely ti'd
My ſhip ſhall ſafely ride.
On thee, as on my bed
Of ſoft repoſe, I'le reſt my weary head.

5.

Thou, thou alone, ſhalt be my whole deſire,
I'le nothing elſe require,
But thee, or for thy ſake.
In thee I'le ſleep ſecure, and when I wake
Thy glorious face ſhall ſatisfie
The longing of my looking eye.
I'le roul my ſelf on thee, as on my rock,

And

And threatning dangers mock.
Of thee, as of my treasure,
I'le boast, and brag, my comforts know no measure.

6.

Lord, thou shalt be mine All, I will not know
A profit here below,
But what reflects on thee:
Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see
In any thing the earth affords.
Mine heart shall own no words
Of honour, out of which I cannot raise
The matter of thy praise.
Nay, I will not be mine,
Unless thou wilt vouchsafe to have me thine.

4. DE60

Embleme 41.

BALNEVM CORDIS. EX SVDORE SANGVINEO.

Multo labore sudatum est, et non exiuit de eâ nimia rubigo eius. *Ezech. 24. 12.*

Balnea sanguinei sponsi sudata cruore.
COR *ægrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradisus. adi.*

The Bathing of the Heart.

JOEL 3.21.

I will cleanse their Bloud, that I have not Cleansed.

Epigr. 41.

THis Bath thy Saviour swet with drops of Bloud,
Sick heart, of purpose for to do thee good.
They that have tri'd it can the vertue tell,
Come then and use it, if thou wilt be well.

ODE. 41.

1.

All this thy God hath done for thee:
And now mine heart
It is high time that thou should'st be
Acting thy part,
And meditating on his blessed Passion,
Till thou hast made it thine by imitation.

2.

That exercise will be the best
And surest means,
To keep thee evermore at rest,
And free from pains.
To suffer with thy Saviour, is the way
To make thy present comforts last for aye.

3.

Trace then the steps, wherein he trode,
And first begin
To sweat with him. The heavy load,
Which for thy sin

He

He underwent, ſqueez'd bloud out of his face,
Which in great drops came trickling down apace.

4.

Oh let not then that precious bloud
Be ſpilt in vain,
But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good
To purge the ſtain
Of guilt, that hath defil'd, and overſpread
Thee from the ſole of the foot to the crown of the head.

5.

Poyſon poſſeſſeth every vein,
The fountain is
Corrupt, and all the ſtreams unclean:
All is amiſs.
Thy blood's impure, yea thou thy ſelf, mine heart,
In all thine inward pow'rs polluted art.

6.

When thy firſt father firſt did ill,
Mans doom was read,
That in the ſweat of's face he ſtill
Should eat his bread.
What the firſt *Adam* in the garden caught,
The ſecond *Adam* in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his own example, how
To ſweat for ſin,
Under that heavy weight to bow,
And never lin
Begging releaſe, till with ſtrong cries, and tears
The ſoul be drain'd of all its faults, and fears.

8.

If ſins imputed guilt oppreſt
Th'Almighty ſo,

That

That his ſad ſoul could find no reſt
Under that woe:
But that the bitter agony he felt
Made his pure blood, if not to ſweat, to melt.

9.

Then let that huge inherent Maſſe
Of ſin, that lies
In heaps on thee, make thee ſurpaſs
In tears, and cries,
Striving with all thy ſtrength, untill thou ſweat
Such drops as his, though not as good, as great.

10.

And if he think it fit to lay
Upon thy back,
Or pains, or duties, as he may
Untill it crack,
Shrink not away, but ſtrain thine utmoſt force
To bear them cheerfully without remorſe.

4 DE60

Embleme 42.

VINCVLVM CORDIS EX FVNIBVS CHRISTI.

Traham eos in funiculis Adam. et in uinculis charitatis. *Oseæ. 11.*

Crimina te duro, fateor, mea, fune ligarunt.
Dulcior astringat cor tibi, funis, amor.

Michel van Iochem excū

The binding of the Heart.

HOS. 11. 4.

I drew them with Cords of a Man, with Bands of Love.

Epigr. 42.

MY sins, I do confess, a cord were found
Heavy, and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,
Great Lord of love, with them, but thou hast twin'd
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.

ODE. 42.

1.

What? could those hands,
That made the World, be subject unto bands?
Could there a cord be found,
Wherewith Omnipotence it self was bound?
Wonder mine heart, and stand amaz'd to see
The Lord of liberty
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.
Although he did
Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he
Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy sins had ti'd
Those bands for thee, wherein thou shouldst have di'd:
And thou did'st daily knit
Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them sit
Closer, and faster, to thy faulty self.

Helpless,

Helpleſs, and hopeleſs, friendleſs, and forlorn,
The ſink of ſcorn,
And kennel of contempt, thou ſhould'ſt have lain
Eternally enthrall'd to endleſs pain.

3.

Had not the Lord
Of love and life been pleaſed to afford
His helping hand of grace,
And freely put himſelf into thy place.
So were thy bands transfer'd, but not unti'd,
Until the time he di'd,
And by his death vanquiſht, and conqu'red all,
That *Adams* fall
Had made victorious. Sin, Death, and Hell,
Thy fatal foes under his footſtool fell.

4.

Yet he meant not
That thou ſhould'ſt uſe the liberty he got
As it ſhould like thee beſt,
To wander as thou liſteſt, or to reſt
In ſoft repoſe careleſs of his commands:
He that hath loos'd thoſe bands,
Whereby thou waſt enſlaved to the foes,
Binds thee with thoſe,
Wherewith he bound himſelf to do thee good,
The bands of love, love writ in lines of Blood.

5.

His love to thee
Made him to lay aſide his Majeſty,
And cloathed in a vail
Of frail, though faultleſs fleſh, become thy bail.
But love requireth love: and ſince thou art
Loved by him, thy part
It is to love him too: and love affords

The

The ſtrongeſt cords
That can be: for it ties, not hands alone,
But heads, and hearts, and ſouls, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,
And freely follow the prevailing Art
Of thy Redeemers love.
That ſtrong magnetique tie hath pow'r to move
The ſteeli'ſt ſtubborneſs. If thou but twine,
And twiſt his love with thine,
And by obedience labour to expreſs
Thy thankfulneſs,
It will be hard to ſay on whether ſide
The bands are ſureſt which is faſteſt ti'd.

A DE60

Emblema 37.

CORDIS SCALÆ.

Ascensiones in CORDE suo disposuit. *Psal.* 83. 6.

Vin scalis, dilecta, poli conscendere sedes.
Hic prius in proprio construe CORDE *gradus.*

Michel uan Iochem fecit 77

The Prop of the Heart.

PSAL. 102. 7, 8.

His Heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His Heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

Epigr. 43.

My weak, and feeble Heart, a Prop must use,
But pleasant fruits, and flow'rs doth refuse:
My Christ my Pillar is, on him rely,
Repose, and rest my self, alone will I.

ODE. 43.

1.

Suppose it true, that whilst thy Saviours side
Was furrowed with scourges he was ti'd
Unto some pillar fast,
Think not, mine heart, it was because he could
Not stand alone, or that lest loose he would
Have shrunk away at last.
Such weakness suits not with Omnipotence,
Nor could mans malice match his patience.

2.

But, if so done, 'twas done to tutor thee,
Whose frailty, and impatience he doth see
Such, that thou hast nor strength,
Nor will, as of thy self, to undergo
The least degree of duty, or of woe,
But would'st be sure at length
To flinch, or faint, or not to stand at all,
Or in the end more fearful to fall.

3.

Thy very frame, and figure, broad above,
Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove
Thou canſt not ſtand alone,
Without a prop to bouſter, and to ſtay thee.
To truſt to thine own ſtrength would ſoon betray thee.
Alas, thou now art grown
So weak, and feeble, wav'ring, and unſtaid,
Thou ſhrink'ſt at the leaſt weight that's on thee laid.

4.

The eaſieſt Command'ments thou declineſt,
And at the lighteſt puniſhments thou whineſt:
Thy reſtleſs motions are
Innumerable, like the troubled Sea
Whoſe Waves are toſs'd, and tumbled ev'ry way.
The Hound-purſued Hare
Makes not ſo many doubles, as thou do'ſt,
Till thy croſt courſes in themſelves are loſt.

5.

Get thee ſome ſtay that may ſupport thee then,
And ſtabliſh thee, leſt thou ſhould'ſt ſtart again.
But where may it be found?
Will pleaſant fruits, or flow'rs ſerve the turn?
No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturn,
And lay them on the ground.
Dainties may ſerve to miniſter delight,
But ſtrength is onely from the Lord of might.

6.

Betake thee to thy Chriſt then, and repoſe
Thy ſelf in all extremities on thoſe
His everlaſting arms,
Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and ſafely folds

His

His faithful flock from harms.
Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemers hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devils, come what will,
Yet fast'ned so thou shalt stand stedfast still:
And all the pow'rs of hell
Shall not prevail to shake thee with their shock,
So long as thou art founded on that rock:
No duty shall thee quell,
No danger shall disturb thy quiet state,
Nor soul perplexing fears thy mind amate.

4 DE60

Embleme 44.

COR PHIALA CHRISTO SITIENTI.

Dabo tibi poculum ex vino condito. Cant. 8. 2.

Respue quę Iudę genus offert pocula sellis
Compuncti CORDIS sed bibi sponse merum.

 M van Lochem excu

The Scourging of the Heart.

PROV. 10. 13.

A Rod is for the back of him that is void of Understanding.

Epigr. 44.

WHen thou withhold'st thy Scourges, dearest love,
My sluggish heart is slack, and slow to move.
Oh let it not stand still, but lash it rather,
And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

ODE. 44.

1.

What do those scourges on that sacred flesh,
Spotless and pure?
Must he that doth sin-weari'd souls refresh,
Himself endure
Such tearing tortures? Must those sides be gash'd?
Those shoulders lash'd?
Is this the trimming that the world bestows
Upon such robes of Majestie as those?

2.

Is't not enough to die, unless by pain
Thou antidate
Thy death before hand, Lord? What do'st thou mean?
To aggravate
The guilt of sin? or to enhance the price
Thy sacrifice
Amounts to? Both are infinite I know,
And can by no additions greater grow.

3.

Yet dare I not imagine that in vain
Thou did'ſt endure
One ſtripe: though not thine own thereby, my gain
Thou did'ſt procure,
That when I ſhall be ſcorged for thy ſake,
Thy ſtripes may make
Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,
When I remember thou haſt born as much.

4.

As much, and more, for me. Come then mine heart,
And willingly
Submit thy ſelf to ſuffer: ſmile at ſmart
And death defie.
[illegible]
Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,
Which ſet thee free.
Stripes as the tokens of his love he leaves,
Who ſcourgeth ev'ry Son whom he receives.

5.

There's fooliſhneſs bound up within thee faſt:
But yet thee rod
Of Fatherly correction at the laſt,
If bleſt by God,
Will drive it far away and wiſdome give,
That thou mai'ſt live,
Not to thy ſelf, but him, that firſt was ſlain,
And died for thee, and then roſe again.

6.

Thou art not onely dull, and ſlow of pace
But ſtubborn too,
And refractory, ready to out-face,
Rather then do,
Thy duty: though thou know'ſt it muſt be ſo,

Thou

Thou wilt not go
The way thou ſhould'ſt, till ſome affliction
Firſt ſet thee right, then prick, ſpur thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure, and condition is,
Neither to ſtand,
Nor ſtir, thy ſelf alone, whilſt thou do'ſt miſs
An helping hand
To ſet thee up, and ſtore of ſtripes beſtow
To make thee goe.
Beg then thy bleſſed Saviour to transfer
His ſcourges unto thee, to make thee ſtir.

4 DE60

Embleme 45.

SEPIMENTVM CORDIS CORONA SPINEA.

Sepiam uiam tuam ſpinis *Oſeæ. 2. 6.*

Ne careat tua ſpina roſis. COR *concolor armet.*

Horto arcet ſtygias, ſeps diadema feras.

45. *Michel van Lochem excũ*

The Hedging of the Heart.

HOS. 2. 6.

I will hedge up thy way with Thorns.

Epigr. 45.

HE, that of Thorns would gather Roſes, may
In his own Heart, if handled the right way.
Hearts hedged with Chriſts Crown of Thorns, inſtead
Of thorny cares, will ſweeteſt Roſes breed.

ODE. 45.

1.

A Crown of Thorns! I thought ſo: ten to one,
A Crown without a Thorn there's none:
There's none on earth I mean, what ſhall I then
Rejoyce to ſee him crown'd by men,
By whom Kings Rule, and Reign? Or ſhall I ſcorn,
And hate, to ſee earths curſe, a thorn,
Prepoſt'rouſly preſer'd to crown thoſe brows,
From whence all bliſs, and glory flows?
Or ſhall I both be clad,
And alſo ſad,
To think it is a Crown, and yet ſo bad?

2.

There's cauſe enough of both, I muſt confeſs:
Yet, what's that unto me, unleſs
I take a courſe his Crown of Thorns may be
Made mine, transfer'd from him to me?
Crowns had they been of ſtars could add no more
Glory, where there was all before, (worſe
And Thorns might ſcratch him, could not make him,

The

Then he was made ſin, and a curſe.
Come then, mine heart, take down
Thy Saviours Crown
Of thorns, and ſee if thou canſt make't thine own.

3.

Remember firſt, thy Saviours head was crown'd
By the ſame hands that did him wound:
They meant it not to honour, but to ſcorn him,
When in ſuch ſort they did betorn him.
Think earthly honours ſuch, if they redound
Never beleeve they mind to dignifie
Thee, that thy Chriſt would crucifie.
Think ev'ry crown a thorn,
Unleſs't adorn
Thy Chriſt, as well as him, by whom't is worn.

4.

Conſider then that, as the thorny crown
Circled thy Saviours head, thine own
Continual care to pleaſe him, and provide
For the advantage of his ſide,
Muſt fence thine actions, and affections ſo,
That they ſhall neither dare to go
Out of that compaſs, nor vouchſafe acceſs
To what might make that care go leſs.
Let no ſuch thing draw nigh,
Which ſhall not ſpie
Thorns ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

5.

Thus, compaſs'd with thy Saviours thorny Crown,
Thou mai'ſt ſecurely ſit thee down,
And hope that he, who made of water wine,
Will turn each Thorn unto a Vine,
Where thou mai'ſt gather Grapes, and to delight thee
Roſes:

Roſes: nor need the prickles fright thee.
Thy Saviours ſacred Temples took away
The curſe, that in their ſharpneſs lay.
So thou mai'ſt Crowned be,
As well as he,
And at the laſt light in his light ſhalt ſee.

4. DE60

Embleme 46.

COMPVNCTIO CORDIS
CLAVO TIMORIS DEI.
confortauit eum clauis ut non
moueretur. Isaiæ. 41. 7.

Hoc mihi cor ſancti clauo transfige timoris,
Pro me qui clauis in cruce fixus eras.

46 *Michel van Lochem excu*

The Faſtening of the Heart.

JER. 32. 40.

I will put my fear in their Hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

Epigr. 46.

THou, that waſt nailed to the Croſs for me,
Leſt I ſhould ſlip, and fall away from thee,
Drive home thy holy fear into mine heart,
And clench it ſo, that it may ne'e depart.

ODE. 46.

1.

What? do'ſt thou ſtruggle to get looſe again:
Haſt thou ſo ſoon forgot the former pain,
That thy licentious bondage unto ſin,
And luſt enlarged thraldome, put thee in?
Haſt thou a mind again to rove, and ramble
Rogue-like a vagrant through the world, and ſcramble
For ſcraps, and cruſts of earth-bred baſe delights,
And change thy days of joy for tedious nights
Of ſad repentant ſorrow?
What? wilt thou borrow
That grief to day, which thou muſt pay to morrow?

2.

No, ſelf-deceiving heart, leſt thou ſhould'ſt caſt
Thy cords away, and burſt the bands at laſt
Of thy Redeemers tender love, I'le try
What further faſteneſs in his fear doth lie.
The cords of love, ſoaked in luſt may rot,

And

And bands of bounty are too oft forgot:
But holy filial fear, like to a nail
Faſt'ned in a ſure place, will never fail.
This driven home will take
Faſt hold, and make
Thee that thou dareſt not thy God forſake.

3.

Remember how, beſides thy Saviours bands,
Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands,
And feet, were pierced, how they nail'd him faſt
Unto his bitter croſs, and how at laſt
His precious ſide was goared with a ſpear:
So hard ſharp-pointed I'rn, and ſteel did tear
His tender fleſh, that from thoſe wounds might flow
The ſov'raign ſalve for ſin-procured woe.
Then that thou mai'ſt not fail
Of that avail,
Refuſe not to be faſt'ned with his nail.

4.

Love in a heart of fleſh is apt to taint,
Or be fly-blown with folly: and its faint
And feeble ſpirits, when it ſhews moſt fair,
Are often fed on by the empty air
Of popular applauſe, unleſs the ſalt
Of holy fear in time prevent the fault:
But ſeaſon'd ſo it will be kept for ever.
He, that doth fear becauſe he loves, will never
Adventure to offend,
But always bend
His beſt endeavers to content his friend.

5.

Though perfect love caſt out all ſervile fear,
Becauſe ſuch fear hath torment: yet thy dear
Redeemer meant not ſo to ſet thee free,

That

That filial fear, and thou ſhould'ſt ſtrangers be.
Though, as a Son, thou honour him thy Father,
Yet, as a Maſter, thou mai'ſt fear him rather.
Fears the Souls Centinel, and keeps the heart,
Wherein love lodges ſo, that all the art,
And induſtry, of thoſe,
That are its foes,
Cannot betray it to its former woes.

4 DE60

Embleme 47.

MVSTVM CORDIS E
TORCVLARI CRVCIS.

Vinum lætificet COR hominis. *Psal. 103. 15.*

En Cypri premitur botrus, COR excipe, grata
De torculari quę cruce vina fluunt.

47 M. van Lochem excū

The New Wine of the Heart.

PSAL. 104. 115.

Wine that maketh glad the Heart of Man.

Epigr. 47.

CHriſt the true Vine, Grape, Cluſter, on the Croſs
Trod the Winepreſs alone, unto the loſs
Of Bloud, and life. Draw thankful Heart, and ſpare not:
Here's Wine enough for all, ſave thoſe that care not.

ODE. 47.

1.

Leave not thy Saviour now, what ev'r thou do'ſt,
Doubtful diſtruſtful heart,
Thy former pains, and labours, all are loſt,
If now thou ſhalt depart,
And faithleſſly fall off at laſt from him,
Who to redeem thee ſpar'd nor life nor lim

2.

Shall he, that is thy Cluſter, and thy Vine,
Tread the winepreſs alone,
Whil'ſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on? Shall both the Wine,
And work be all his own?
See how he bends, cruſht with the ſtraitned Screw
Of that fierce wrath, that to thy ſins was due.

3.

Although thou canſt not help to bear it, yet
Thruſt thy ſelf under too,
That thou mai'ſt feel ſome of the weight, and get
Although not ſtrength to do,
Yet will to ſuffer ſomething as he doth,

That

That the ſame ſtreſs at once may ſqueeze you both.

4.

Thy Saviour being preſs'd to death, there ran
Out of his ſacred wounds
That wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
And all his foes confounds.
Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open ſtill
For all grace-thirſting hearts to drink their fill.

5.

And not to drink alone, to ſatiate
Their longing appetites,
Or drawn thoſe cumbrous cares, that would abate
The edge of their delights,
But, when they royl, and foil themſelves, with ſin,
Both to refreſh, to purge, to cleanſe them in.

6.

Thy Saviour hath begun this Cup to thee,
And thou muſt not refuſe't,
Preſs then thy ſin-ſwoln ſides, until they be
Empty, and fit to uſe't.
Do not delay to come, when he doth call,
Nor fear to want, where there's enough for all.

7.

Thy bounteous Redeemer in his Bloud
Fills thee not wine alone,
But likewiſe gives his fleſh to be thy food,
Which thou mai'ſt make thine own,
And feed on him, who hath himſelf revealed
The bread of Life by God the Father ſealed.

8.

Nay, he's not food alone, but Phyſick too,
When ever thou art ſick,
And in thy weakneſs ſtrength, that thou mai'ſt do

Thy

Thy duty, and not ſtick
At any thing, that he requires of thee,
How hard ſoever it may ſeem to be.

9.

Make all the haſte then that thou canſt to come,
Before the day be paſt,
And think not of returning to thy home,
Whilſt yet the light doth laſt.
The longer, and the more thou draw'ſt this wine,
Still thou ſhalt find it more, and more divine.

10.

Or if thy Saviour think it meet to throw
Thee in the Preſs again,
To ſuffer as he did: yet do not grow
Diſpleaſed at thy pain:
A Summer ſeaſon follows Winter weather,
Suff'ring you ſhall be glorifi'd together.

REVEL. 22. 17.

The Spirit, and the Bride ſay, Come. And let him that heareth ſay, Come. And let him that is a thirſti, come. And whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

4 DE60

IS this my period? Have I now no more
To do hereafter? shall my mind give o're
Its best imployment thus, and idle be,
Or busied otherwise? Should I not see
How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,
Before I lay these Heart-School Lectures by?
Self-knowledge is an everlasting task,
An endless work, that doth not onely ask
A whole man for the time, but challengeth
To take up all his hours untill death.
Yet as in other Schools they have a care
To call for Repititions, and are
Busi'd as well in seeking to retain
What they have learn'd already, as to gain
Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by
Invention, whilst they practise memory:
So must I likewise take some time to view
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to add: the Work is mine,
And I may manage it, as I see best,
With my great Masters leave. Then here I rest
From taking out new Lessons, till I see
How I retain the old in memory.
And if it be his pleasure, I shall say
These Lessons before others, that they may,
Or learn them too, or only censure me;
I'le wait with patience the success to see.
And though I look not to have leave to play,
For that this School allows not, yet I may
Another time perhaps, if they approve
Of these, such as they are, and shew their love
To the *School of the Heart*, by calling for't,
Add other Lessons more of the like sort.

The

The Learning of the Heart.

The Preface.

I Am a Scholar. The great Lord of Love
And life, my Tutor is: Who from above
All that lack Learning, to his School invites,
My Hearts my Prayer-book, in which he writes,
Syſtemes of all the Arts and Faculties:
Firſt reads to me, then makes me exerciſe,
But all in paradoxes, ſuch high ſtrains,
As flow from none but love Inſpired Brains:
Yet bids me publiſh them abroad and dare
T' excell his Arts above all other Arts that are.
Why ſhould I not? me thinks it cannot be,
But they ſhould pleaſe others as well as me.
Come then joyn'd hands, and let our heart's embrace,
Whil'ſt thus loves Labyrinth of Arts we trace;
I mean the *Sidemes* call'd *Liberal*:
Both *Trivium*, and *Quadrivium*, ſev'n in all.
With the higher Faculties, *Phyloſophy*;
And *Law*, and *Phyſick*, and *Theologie*.

The Grammar of the Heart.

PSAL. 15. 2.

That ſpeaketh the Truth in his Heart.

MY Grammar, I define to be an Art,
Which teacheth me to write and ſpeak mine heart,
By which I learn that ſmooth tongu'd flatt'ries are
Falſe Language, and in love irregular.
Among'ſt my Letters, Vow-wells I admit,
Of none but Conſonant to ſacred Writ.
And therefore when my Soul in ſilence moans,
Half vowel'd ſighs, and double deep thong'd groans,
Mute looks, and liquid tears in ſtead of words,
Are of the language that mine heart affords.
And ſince true love abhors all variations,
My Grammar hath no moads nor conjugations:
Tenſes, nor Perſons, nor Declenſions,
Caſes, nor genders, nor compariſons:
What are my Letters are, my Words but one,
And on the meaning of it love alone.
Concard is all my Syntax and agreement:
Is in my Grammar perfect regiment.
He wants no Language that hath learn'd to love,
When tongues are ſtill, hearts will be heard above.

The

The Rethorick of the Heart.

PSAL. 45. 1.

My Heart is inditing a good matter.

MY Rethorick is not so much an Art,
As an infused habit in mine Heart,
Which a sweet secret Elegance Instills,
And all my Speech with Tropes and Figures fills.
Love is the tongues Elixir, which doth change
The ordinary sense of words, and range
Them under other kinds, dispose them so
That to the height of eloquence they grow,
E'vn in their native plainness, and must be
So understood as liketh love and me.
When I say Christ, I mean my Saviour;
When his Command'ment my behaviour:
For to that end it was he hither came,
And to this purpose 'tis I bear his Name.
When I say Hallow'd be thy name, he knows
I would be holy: for his glory grows
Together with my good, and he hath not
Given more honour then himself hath got
So when I say, Lord let thy Kingdom come,
He understands it, I would be at home;
To raign with him in glory. So grace brings
My love in me to be the King of Kings.
He teacheth me to say, Thy will be done,
But meaneth he would have me do mine own;
By making me to will the same he doth,
And so to rule my self and serve him both.

So when he ſaith, My Son give me thine heart:
I know his meaning is, that I ſhould part
With all I have for him, give him my ſelf,
And to be rich in him from worldly pelf.
When he ſays come to me, I know that he
Means I ſhould wait his coming unto me,
Since 'tis his coming unto me that makes
Me come to him, my part he undertakes.
And when he ſays, Behold I come, I know
His purpoſe and intent is I ſhould go
With all the ſpeed I can, to meet him whence
His coming is attractive, draws me hence.
Thick-folded Repititions in Love,
Are no Tautologies, but ſtrongly move
And bind unto Attention. Exclamations,
Are the hearts heaven-piercing Exaltions.
Epiphonemaes and Apoſtrophes,
Love likes of well, but no Proſopopes.
Not doubtful but careful deliberations,
Love holds as grounds of ſtrongeſt Reſolutions.
Thus love and I a thouſand ways can find,
To ſpeak and underſtand each others mind,
And deſcant upon that which unto others,
Is but plain Song, and all their Muſick ſmothers.
Nay that which worldly wit worms call nonſence,
Is many times loves pureſt Eloquence.

4 DE 60

The

The Logick of the Heart.

1 Pet. 3. 15.

Be ready always to give an Answer to every man that asketh you a Reason of the Hope that is in you.

MY Logick is the faculty of Faith,
Where all things are resolv'd into he saith;
And Ergoes drawn from trust and confidence,
Twist and tie Truths with stronger consequence
Then either sense or reason: for the heart
And not the head is fountain of this Art.
And what the heart objects none can resolve,
But God himself, till death the frame dissolve.
Nay Faith can after death dispute with dust,
And argue ashes into stronger trust.
And better hopes then Brass and Marble can
Be emblemes, of unto the outward man.
All my invention is to find what terms
My Lord and I stand in: how he confirms
His promises to me, how I inherit
What he hath purchased for me by his merit.
My judgment is submission to his will,
And when he once hath spoken to be still.
My Method's to be ordered by him
What he disposeth, that I think most trim.
Loves Arguments, are all I will, thou must,
What he says and commands are true and just.
When to dispute and argue's out of Season,
Then to believe and to obey is Reason.

FINIS.

4 DE60